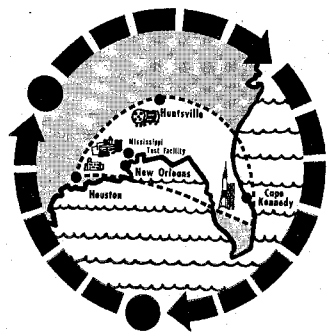
A FEW DAYS IN CUBA: Arthur Hoppe

THE NATION

October 12, 1964 . . 35c

THE MOON BOOM
First of three reports on the



Space Crescent

WILLIAM S. ELLIS

GOP: CAN THE MODERATES COME BACK? Milton Viorst

MLF: GERMANY'S FINGER ON THE ATOM Amitai Etzioni

Reviews and Essays

John Houseman on CHAPLIN

MODS & ROCKERS: Penelope Gilliatt

The Novels of WILLIAM EASTLAKE
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LETTERS

Negro writers

Luxembourg (Grand Duchy)

Dear Sirs: It is difficult to argue with the impressions of a reviewer, but when his conclusions are based largely on misinterpretation and distortion of facts, there should be room for further discussion. Specifically, I refer to Kenneth Rexroth's account of a recent conference on The Negro Writer in the United States ("Panelizing Dissent," *The Nation,* Sept. 7).

The following passage . . . is perhaps one of the most offensive—because of its total inaccuracy and deliberate implications: "Certainly there was no better way to get a big hand from the mixed audience than to give whitey a verbal kicking around. Everytime anybody said 'I hate all white men,' all the *white women* in the audience applauded vociferously" (my emphasis).

Another painful section builds a beautiful, and thoroughly mythical, mystique about the young writers from the South who attended the conference. These writers were, to be sure, among the cream of the intellectual elite; they had been brought to the conference through scholarships offered by University of California Extension (the sponsoring organization) on a competitive basis. But Mr. Rexroth does *everyone* a disservice when he attributes countless virtues *only* to this handful of writers from the South and states: "They asked the most trenchant questions, they always deflated demogogy, they always rose to challenge the self-pity. . . . None of the Northerners, for all their perfervid militancy, lived in Harlem or in any other ghetto." This must have inspired a loud round of laughter not only among the Southern writers who never asked a question or entered into public discussion, but also from the numerous Northerners who had, indeed, spent many years in Harlem and other Negro ghettos. *Ruth Scheingold*

Truth machines

Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Stanley Meisler's "Lie Detectors" (*The Nation,* Sept. 28) should be of great general interest. It is important that the public recognize the faults and deficiencies of the lie-detector applications. The "polygraph," as the name indicates, really presents a triplication of effort. . . . It would be interesting to know if occasionally one mode of testing goes counter to the other.

I had an interesting experience during the Army-McCarthy hearings. McCarthy offered himself to be the subject of a lie-detector test about the veracity of his contradictory statements. At that time I wrote a letter to Senator Stuart Symington, telling him in detail that psychopaths and similar persons become so convinced of the truth of their utterances that they might pass a polygraph test with flying colors. I do not know if my letter was effective, but the test was never given. *Karl Rothschild, M.D.*

Write your editor

Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: It is shocking to note the number of cold warriors who are using the "Letters to the Editor" column of their local newspapers to voice their extremist views. Many, like Dallas millionaire H. L. Hunt, maintain full-time writers who do nothing but write letters to newspapers across the country. . . . Surely the liberal elements in our society do not have an inferior intellectual capacity. They must demonstrate the fact with a flood of letters to the editor . . . in answer to the questions being raised by those who seem dissatisfied with a world at peace. *Gary L. Guertner*

True church

New York City

Dear Sirs: Having just returned from the Ecumenical Council, I was in the process of reading through some back issue magazines, when I came across "Kennedy the Catholic," by Thomas J. Fleming (*The Nation,* June 8, 1964). What Mr. Kennedy did for the United States, I hope the American Catholic bishops will do for the Ecumenical Council — make it realize that truth and freedom and the true church are outside, as well as inside, the Roman Catholic hierarchy. *Stanley I. Stuber*

Freedom students

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: As Freedom School teachers in the Mississippi Summer Project, we commend *The Nation* for its excellent coverage of the project.

One of the students whom we taught in a rural Madison County Freedom School is now in Boston attending the Commonwealth School, a small private high school of excellent reputation. Our student is intelligent and extremely eager for further education, yet her Mississippi education has in no way prepared her for college. She faces two additional years of intensive secondary school work in order to make up the deficiencies in education in a Negro high school.

The Commonwealth School is already heavily committed financially to the support of a number of other students from similar backgrounds, so it cannot provide a scholarship for her. We are attempting to raise the approximately $2,000 per year which is needed for her education and living expenses. . . . Contributions, which are tax-deductible, should be made payable to the Commonwealth School Scholarship Fund and earmarked for this student. The address of the school is 151 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass. *Mr. & Mrs. Steven Levine*

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The Nation, Oct. 12, 1964. Vol. 199, No. 10
The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1964 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.
Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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Focus on Chapter V

Of several major public issues raised by the Warren Commission (the report will be critically evaluated by Herbert Packer of the Stanford Law School in a later issue of *The Nation*) those relating to the role of the police and the media—Chapter V—should command top priority. Everyone knows what happened because nearly everyone saw it happen. A herd of reporters, of all media, succeeded in creating a tumultuous and chaotic atmosphere in the police headquarters. "You had to fight your way in," said one police officer. The near-blinding floodlights, the maze of equipment, the jam-packed corridors, the noise and confusion, all this and more, in the words of the report, created "a bedlam of confusion." One FBI agent, quoted in the report, said that conditions at the police station were "not too much unlike Grand Central Station at rush hour, maybe like the Yankee Stadium during the World Series."

In the midst of this pandemonium, the chief of police and the district attorney disseminated to a world audience, along with a few solid facts, many erroneous disclosures and a great deal of other misinformation. These became the bases for the myths and rumors that confused the nation and the world. In the process, Oswald's guilt was prejudged to a degree that would have made a fair trial in Dallas virtually impossible. The chief of police was so busy conducting ambulatory press conferences and appearing on radio and television—twelve appearances in the period November 22-24—that he could not sit in on the interrogations of Oswald.

What the commission has to say on this score is painstaking, fair and devastating. One cannot quarrel with its major conclusion that "primary responsibility" for those incredible scenes must rest with the police. Granted that the public's interest—of fantastic volume and intensity—was perfectly legitimate, still the police could have maintained order in their own headquarters if nowhere else; indeed, if they had done so, the public would have been much better informed. The fact is, as the report makes clear, that the police, by electing "to go along with" the press, created the confusion it later deplored.

Nor can one quarrel with the commission's conclusion that the media must also be charged with a measure of responsibility for what happened. It is true that the mass coverage of major trials—aggravated by the advent of the electronic media—threatens to subvert the concept of a public trial by substituting for it a trial by the public. It is also true that the media should work out some ground rules (traffic regulations would perhaps be a more appropriate term) for the coverage of major criminal proceedings and should show generally a far higher degree of self-restraint than was exhibited at Dallas. But the commission's suggestion that the media meet their responsibilities by adopting a code of professional ethics is not convincing.

It is not merely the right but the duty of the media, in covering a major event of this sort, to press hard to uncover every item of interest and relevance. On occasion, the press has prevented or corrected gross miscarriages of justice through its persistence, often in the face of active opposition from police and prosecution. It has also helped to convict guilty defendants despite the active opposition of defense counsel. But in Dallas the press was not assisting in the administration of justice but rather interfering with it. True, the police encouraged them to move in and take over. But more significant was the action of the district attorney which the Warren Commission tends to minimize. He too elected "to go along with the press." In a major criminal case the district attorney, who is responsible for the prosecution, must direct the investigation. He can control and direct the police or, if necessary, he can appeal to those who can. In Dallas, both the police and the district attorney, by catering to the press, succeeded in diverting it from its main role and function. Instead of congregating in the corridors of the police station, waiting for a chance to badger the police and shout questions at Oswald, the press should have been conducting its own investigation of what happened.

The fact is that the press has become far too dependent on what police, prosecution and defense counsel—and on occasion even judges—feed them in the way of information or misinformation. And whenever the press operates as a herd, it usually acts like a herd—that is, stupidly. The press did a bad job in Dallas, not because it pressed too hard for information or because it had too many reporters on the scene, but because it did not dig hard enough for the facts. If the press had done its job thoroughly, many of the myths and rumors would never have been set in motion, or would have been promptly corrected. A code of professional ethics by which the press would agree to restrict coverage of major trials would not remedy this fault; on the contrary it might aggravate it. Nor would a code of ethics by which the media agree to "pool" information get at the root of the real problem. "Pooling" is an old media dodge. In any major city today a pool of reporters, four or five in number, will be found playing poker in the press-room of the courthouse, waiting for someone to drop by and tell them that something of public interest is happening somewhere in the building.

More pertinent than criticism of the police and press—although such criticism is deserved—would be criticism of bench and bar. A judge can control proceedings in his courtroom; the Ruby trial is a distasteful example of what happens when a judge decides

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to do what Chief Curry and District Attorney Wade did, namely, "to go along with the press." Lawyers, as officers of the court, can be held accountable for their actions. Much of the distorted, inaccurate or misleading information about trials that appears in the press is not turned up by reporters digging for facts but is passed along to them by lawyers—defense and prosecution—who seek to use the press to help them acquit or convict. The problem is one of roles and missions. It is not the role of the police to disseminate misinformation or undigested tidbits likely to create an unfavorable (or favorable) climate of opinion when a trial is in process or an investigation under way; much less is it the function of bench or bar. Nor, by the same token, is it the role of the press to help them play this game. The press is more than a conveyor of information or misinformation; it has its own function to perform. Press and police, bench and bar, each has its role to play in the administration of justice; the trouble arises when they forget what it is that each is supposed to do. It would be a mistake, therefore, if in response to the commission's suggestion the press were to adopt a code of ethics, one effect of which might well be to make it even more dependent than it is today on what police and law-enforcement officials—and defense counsel—have to say about pending criminal cases.

The Iceberg

An analogy to the submerged and more lethal 85 per cent of the iceberg may be found in the contributions of American industry to right-wing causes. It is a matter that Sen. Lee Metcalf has been investigating. Senator Metcalf specializes in the machinations of investor-owned utilities—a term which the companies use in their propaganda and which the Senator abbreviates to IOU. The September 25 *Congressional Record* contains a compendium of Senator Metcalf's IOU findings. It calls to mind that here and abroad—first in Italy and then in Germany—a major question about right-wing activities has always been: who picks up the check? The visible iceberg—that bizarre assortment of characters who act out their troglodyte fantasies on the American political scene—would be of little consequence were it not covertly supported by truly significant elements, like those benefactors uncovered by Senator Metcalf.

A typical case is that of Central Illinois Public Service Company. In 1963 the Federal Power Commission apparently became disturbed about utility operating expenses itemized under such heads as "Charitable, Cultural and Civic Contributions" and "Miscellaneous Expenses." Central Illinois, one of the companies questioned, had reported in 1962 a lump-sum total of $39,492 under "Donations for Charitable, Social or Community Welfare." Some of the contributions were to unassailable causes—the United Fund, the YMCA, the Boy Scouts, local colleges, hospitals, etc. The breakdown included an entry of $10,512, labeled "various civic activities, social projects, etc." The FPC did not request a further explanation, but the inquisitive Senator Metcalf was not satisfied. Again the contributions included such innocuous causes as Little League baseball, but the "civic, social and school activities"also included handouts to the Manion Forum, the National Education Program, American Economic Foundation, Educational Reviewer, Foundation for Economic Education and the Committee for Constitutional Government. The largest contribution was $500, the smallest $100, but why were they made at all, and why so surreptitiously?

Similarly, the Southwestern Public Service Company of Texas was serving the public with contributions to the Manion Forum, Southern States Industrial Council, Committee of One Million, Texas Bureau of Economic Understanding, America's Future, etc. One might suppose that these contributions were made for the "nuisance value" of the supplicants—it is easier to give than to have them knocking at the door. But this ignores the multiplicity of right-wing organizations to which the consumers' money is being handed out, the parallel aims of utility and right-wing propaganda, and the fact that gifts to institutions of learning are normally made to those in the utility's home state, while Harding College, for example, receives IOU support from other quarters.

Some utility companies refrain from contributing to the right wing and some itemize specifically and clearly. On the other hand, Senator Metcalf lists unidentified lump-sum contributions in 1963 of $643,135 by Houston Light & Power, $733,661 by Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company and, the most generous and elusive of all, Detroit Edison with $815,006.

"I think," says Senator Metcalf, "the public has a right to know when its local power company supports groups which find treason in our churches and in our highest court." *The Nation* thinks so too.

U.S.—Brazilian Witch Hunt

Whenever a counterrevolution takes place anywhere on earth, it can almost be predicted that some arm of the United States will turn out to be implicated. When the military overthrew the Goulart government in Brazil, the Johnson Administration applauded the coup. Probably it also applauded itself for helping in the ouster of a President who, whatever his failings, was constitutionally in office. Certainly the generals who booted Goulart—and the progressive elements in the country along with him—were the good friends of their opposite numbers in the U.S. military establishment; many of them had taken postgraduate training in American military schools.

During the changeover there was the usual roughing-up and imprisonment of progressives, Communist and non-Communist alike. This could be discounted as the inevitable accompaniment of a revolution; soon, apologists assured us, everything would return to normal. Instead, the counterrevolutionary terror has grown worse. It is directed particularly against intellectuals, and the most obvious targets are university people. Allen Young, writing for *The Christian Science Monitor* from Rio de Janeiro, reports that Brazilian

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intellectual life "is reeling under the forceful arm of the military government which took power here nearly six months ago." Young quotes Alceu Amoroso Lima, one of Brazil's outstanding authors, whom the authorities are afraid to touch because he is a prominent Roman Catholic layman, now 70 years old and with an international reputation. Mr. Lima refers to the victims of "cultural terrorism, all the more abominable because it is covered up."

Private advices amply support this charge. Hunting for "nonpatriotic subversives," military police inquiries are carried on in the universities almost as part of the curricula, one purpose no doubt being to keep the students submissive. The inquisitors will barge in on a professor conducting a class or an oral examination and proceed to ask questions of their own. On September 11, according to *Fohla de Sao Paulo,* described as a conservative newspaper, Prof. Florestan Fernandes, an internationally known sociologist, was arrested at the University of Sao Paulo by Lt. Col. Bernardo Schumann, in charge of the military police inquiry at the Faculty of Sciences and Letters. Florestan Fernandes, while under investigation, was ordered to sing the last verse of the national anthem. He excused himself because of the imperfections of his voice, but recited the required part of the anthem. Then he wrote a letter of protest, first asking Colonel Schumann whether he had the right to do so. Schumann took the letter and declared it "arrogant." When Florestan Fernandes refused to retract his protest, he was arrested.

This is not an isolated instance. Other scholars who have not been arrested or forced out have chosen to emigrate; some have found refuge in American universities. In this sense the United States is still a free country—but it is an accomplice before the fact in the destruction of freedom elsewhere.

Wrecking the Cities

The beauty of cities is as much a human heritage as the beauty of land and sea and sky. Civilization is packaged, so to speak, in cities, and whoever has added to the beauty of a city has earned the gratitude of those who live or work or visit there. Conversely, a special curse should descend on those who despoil a city of such grace and beauty as it has managed to achieve.

With malignant speed, the cities of America are being so despoiled. In Europe, tradition and tourism exert a mitigating influence which, in the United States, is so weak that anyone with capital can override it. Only fools would take lightly the outraged tone of the article by Richard J. Whalen in the September *Fortune,* "A City Destroying Itself." Whalen is writing about New York, and about utility as well as aesthetics, but the two are tied together. The fact that the expostulation appears in the most prestigious organ of American business will not deter the real estate speculators who figure in terms of dollars per square foot of land, plus the cost of demolition of whatever is on the land, and the cost of borrowed money to erect yet another high-rise, high-rent, high-luxury barracks on the site. What they demolish may be a dump or it may be a priceless architectural treasure; that does not concern these gentlemen.

No individual today is rich and powerful enough to thwart the hucksters of building. Vincent Astor wanted to raise a monument to himself in the form of a slim tower on Park Avenue with some air around it. With the Seagram Building across the way (where the tax collector is simultaneously teaching that it doesn't pay to try to combine profit and art) an open space would have been created. Created is the word, in a place like New York, but it turned out that even Astor could not invest and borrow enough to complete the project. Finally he gave way and died, the First National City Bank took over the site, and it is now occupied by just another bulky office building.

Another variety of aesthetic crime is about to be perpetrated in an elite residential area a mile or so to the north. In 1946 the Institute of Radio Engineers, a nonprofit organization, bought the Brokaw mansion at 1 East 79 Street, on the corner of Fifth Avenue. The mansion is no antique—construction was started in 1887 and completed in 1890—but it is a lovely reproduction of a chateau in the Loire Valley, and it adorns its neighborhood. The IRE, now the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, has sold this real estate to a builder and the chateau will be turned over to the wreckers. The City Landmarks Commission is wringing its hands, but that seems to be about all it can do. Apparently the only way to preserve a landmark is to leave it an endowment, as Henry Clay Frick did for his mansion-museum down the Avenue—$15 million in early 20th-century cash.

East and West and in between, it is all the same. In sardonic analogy to the Motion Picture Academy Awards jamboree, State Senator Thomas M. Rees of California has proposed the formation of LAG, standing for Los Angeles Gruesome. Every year LAG would award plaques, medals, statuettes and beribboned resolutions to "those who have done outstanding work in making Los Angeles an ill-kept and unimaginative place to live." From the outset, downtown Los Angeles was mostly an eyesore—proof that the natural beauty of a city's site can always be overcome by business—but since World War II the builders have been uglifying outward, with only the ocean to stop them in one direction. Rees suggests special awards for public agencies, subdividers, railroads and freeway builders. The California Un-American Activities Committee should look into this fellow's ideas and associations. His brand of sarcasm endangers free enterprise.

Good Advertising

The anti-cigarette clamor which followed the release of the "Report of the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Smoking and Health" has died down to a whisper. The nation's health was to be protected, youth was to be deterred from future addiction, and those who persisted in smoking cigarettes were at least to be informed of the hazards. There was one note of caution. While proclaiming an "era of action," Surgeon General Luther L. Terry warned that in considering a

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reform of a nation's smoking habits one had to think "in terms of a program of ten years plus." It does look that way.

The reasons for slow progress are obvious. The tobacco bloc is strong in Congress—tobacco is the country's fifth largest cash crop. The industry is well heeled and excelled by none in the arts of political infighting. On the plus side, the Public Health Service had put a strong weapon into the hands of the Federal Trade Commission and the commission promptly announced that, starting January 1, all cigarette packages must carry a warning that smoking may cause death from cancer and other diseases. In acting so promptly the commission showed unwonted boldness; it is generally a rather timid, slow-moving body. And in this case, too, it seems to have lost some of its initial vigor: the warning requirement has now been postponed until July, 1965, and of course before July rolls around it may be postponed again. Only an optimist, and one unfamiliar with the history of crusades in the United States, could be completely sure he would ever see that notice on a cigarette pack.

However, the anti-smoking drive has now been given a boost from an unexpected quarter. Emerson Foote, one of the nation's foremost advertising executives, resigned as chairman of McCann-Erickson, the nation's second largest advertising agency. McCann-Erickson's sins in the matter of cigarette advertising are not committed in the United States; it has not had a domestic cigarette account since 1961, when it lost Liggett & Myers. It does, however, handle considerable business in this line abroad, and Mr. Foote said flatly, "I will not have anything to do with any agency which promotes the sale of cigarettes anywhere in the world or which wishes to acquire a cigarette account."

While the anti-smokers applauded, Madison Avenue was shaken. Off the record, it was suggested that cigarette advertising was not the real issue behind Mr. Foote's resignation. It may be that there were other things about McCann-Erickson that Mr. Foote did not like; for an executive so experienced—he has been in advertising for thirty-four years and with McCann-Erickson for thirteen—this would be possible. But by all outward evidence, there is a genuine conflict between McCann-Erickson's policies and Mr. Foote's convictions. (A chain smoker for thirty years, he quit completely five years ago.) He is willing to help sell alcoholic beverages because, in moderation, he does not find them deleterious to health. He is a member of the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke. He is a former chairman of the executive committee of the American Cancer Society and has held many other offices in similar organizations. He is wealthy. It is a reasonable assumption that he is also honest and, at 57, wants to do something for mankind. Madison Avenue might be better advised to express pride in him, rather than disapproval or skepticism. But in that case, would it still be Madison Avenue?

The Multilateral Force

Germany's Finger on the Atom . . .

Amitai Etzioni

A West Germany armed with nuclear weapons is no longer inconceivable. Steps already taken, if followed to their conclusion, will lead at least to indirect German control of nuclear arms, if not to their outright possession. But a nuclear Germany is still not inevitable, and the time to discuss this possibility is while doors that have been opened unwittingly or unwisely can still be shut. Once Germany gets its nuclear force, it will be too late.

One avenue through which atomic weapons might come under West Germany's control is the so-called multilateral force (MLF). With American public opinion absorbed by the war in South Vietnam, the civil rights movement and the coming elections, this proposed naval group is receiving less public comment than it deserves. The MLF is expected to be composed of twenty-five surface vessels, each armed with eight Polaris missiles bearing nuclear war heads and each manned by crews drawn from several nations. Seven European countries have agreed to consider participating in the force: West Germany, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, the Netherlands, Greece and Turkey. The MLF was intended to embrace all the NATO allies, but Norway and Denmark, and of course France, have refused to take any part. It is believed that Britain will not join if the Labour Party wins the general elections this month, and it may possibly not do so even if the Conservatives are returned. Italy is wavering and would almost surely stay out if Britain does. West Germany, while initially lukewarm toward the MLF, is now enthusiastic. It is committed to paying up to 67 per cent of the European costs of the MLF. In a seminar I conducted recently at the Leadership Academy in Hamburg (the German equivalent of the War College), several high-ranking German officers described the 200 nuclear missiles as their ultimate defense in the event that U.S. ground forces withdrew from Europe.

The MLF is raising a considerable technical debate that clouds the central political issue. Various naval experts have expressed doubt that a ship can be effectively operated with an inter-European crew—at the very least, the Greeks and Turks, it is said, will have to be kept on separate decks. And it has been pointed out that whereas the United States put its own Polaris missiles on submarines in order to make them invulnerable,

Amitai Etzioni, associate professor of sociology and associate in the Institute of War and Peace Studies, Columbia University, is the author of Winning Without War *and* The Moon-doggle, *both recently published by Doubleday.*

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the proposed MLF ships are to be surface vessels, perilously exposed to enemy fire. Hence it is understandable that various authorities have, on purely technical grounds, referred to the MLF as "military nonsense" and a "multilateral farce." Among these, Royal Air Force Marshal Sir John Slessor and Lord Montgomery have both stated that the MLF has no military value.

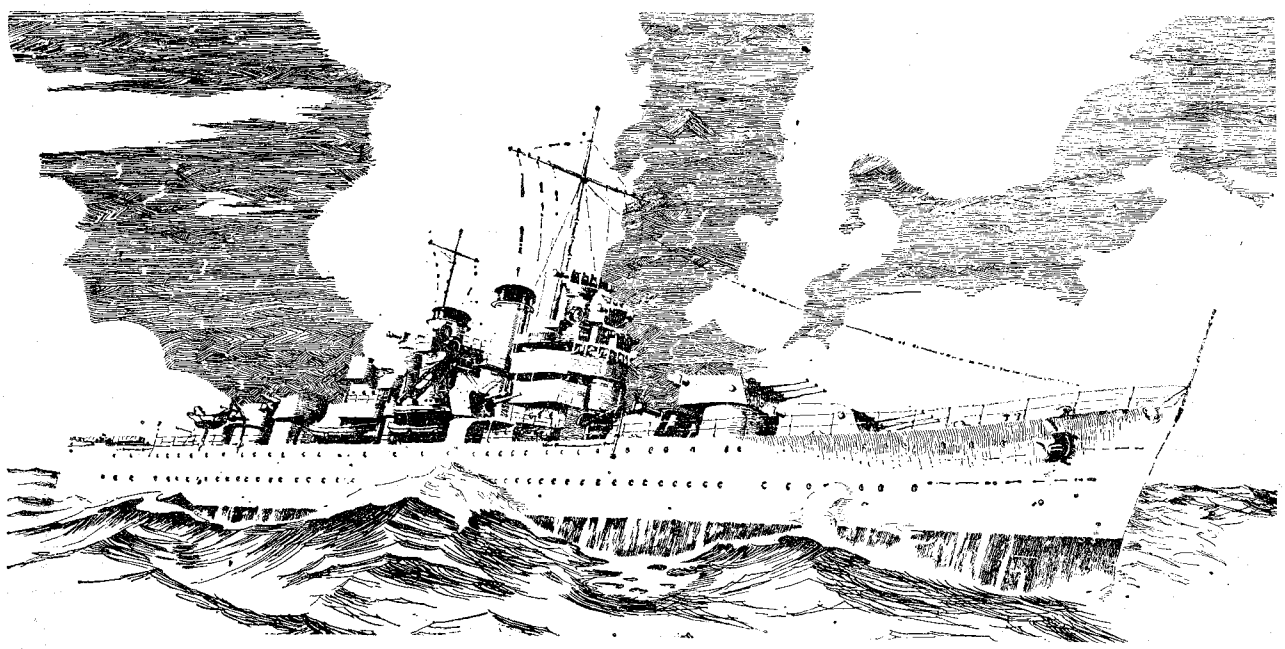
Initially, Pentagon officials and other American military spokesmen offered similar opinions, the consensus being that MLF was a sop to the European desire to share the nuclear sword. But when the German representatives complained that if the MLF were publicly dismissed as militarily valueless they would have a hard time defending the large expenditures involved before their parliament, the Pentagon accommodated them by providing a military rationale for it.

The main question, though, is not how efficient this nuclear sting might be. Even if it were perfectly manned and coordinated, its 200 missiles would not amount to much in the East-West military scales (the United States alone commands about 40,000 nuclear arms and more than enough means of delivery). The crucial question is who will control the nuclear trigger of this new force. Our original position, as Walter Lippmann reported in *Western Unity and the Common Market*, was that "within the Western Alliance the ultimate responsibility in nuclear affairs must be in one capital, not in two or three." But according to this position there is not even a political purpose in setting up the MLF: we already have in Europe an abundance of nuclear weapons which we exclusively control. President Kennedy then suggested in his July 4, 1962, speech that the United States would be able to deal with a United Europe "on an equal basis," and that was interpreted as covering questions of nuclear strategy. Such an offer looked innocuous enough in mid-1962. We fully expected Britain to be part of any such United Europe, and unity itself seemed far away. Two years later we still hold that we are prepared to share the control of nuclear weapons only with a United Europe, but the meaning of the phrase is changing rapidly. Britain is in all likelihood out of it, and a federation of Europe is no longer considered a prerequisite for participation in nuclear triggering; a committee that will speak for Europe is now thought sufficient. Since several European countries have refused to participate in the MLF, we have consented to share its control not with a United Europe but with one slice of it—and one in which West Germany looms larger and larger. That, as of now, is our official position and policy.

Our position on control of the actual firing of the MLF's weapons, which started with a demand for exclusive American authority and has already arrived at a we-agree-to-share compromise, may continue to erode. Several proposals for the voting procedures of a committee that would speak for Europe's finger on the trigger (two buttons must be pushed to launch a missile) have already been discussed in the State Department. Initially, unanimity was deemed essential, but since that would enable the smallest country, let us say the peace-loving Dutch, to spike the whole striking force, new proposals were outlined. These include a committee composed only of the bigger powers, or one in which the smaller ones would participate on a rotating basis, or one in which votes would be weighted according to contributions. Any of these arrangements, and in particular the last one, would give West Germany a considerable control of the trigger.

"Farsighted" strategists are already two steps ahead of these most recent proposals. The MLF, as depicted so far, would still reserve one of the two firing buttons to the United States; thus even if the Germans should gain virtual control of the European button, we could still veto any firing. But some strategists already argue that an MLF thus controlled would not solve the basic problem that led to its conception in the first place: it would not assure the Europeans that they could trigger a war if they deemed this vital to their defense.

Ever since de Gaulle raised the question of whether the United States would sacrifice its life for the defense of Europe, other European spokesmen have been chiming in. Their desire for atomic autonomy



Lieut. Comdr. E. C. Buerkle, USN

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would be satisfied only if they could launch nuclear weapons *without* our concurrence. Hence some strategists, whose voices have been heeded often in the past, advocate a European-controlled nuclear force—a force, however, in which at least de Gaulle's France will not take part, and one from which Britain is likely to withdraw. In practice, Germany could be expected to dominate such a force, as today it dominates NATO's European conventional armaments.

At worst, a European deterrent would enable the Europeans to involve us in a nuclear war over matters, and at a stage, when we believed conflict should be avoided. At best, it would bring about the dissemination of nuclear weapons and terminate the thaw in the cold war, since both the Soviet Union and the East European countries are haunted by the threat of German militarism's gaining atomic strength.

Why are we setting up the MLF and why are we considering a purely European deterrent? Four arguments are given, and since, unfortunately, most of them apply both to an American-European-controlled MLF and to a purely European deterrent force, the arguments given for the former are sometimes used to justify the latter.

The *save-the-alliance argument*: The basis of American foreign policy since 1947 has been to ally free societies in opposition to expansionist communism. NATO is the central link of this chain. De Gaulle, by weakening it, has endangered the unity of the West. We must prevent him from seizing leadership of Western Europe, which he might then convert to a third force. If, by satisfying its aspirations, we bound West Germany more tightly to the Western Alliance, it would become a counterweight to de Gaulle in Europe (something Britain was not able to be); it would stop Germany from throwing its economic power behind de Gaulle's foreign policy and would prevent Western Europe from leaving the alliance. In short, it would save the alliance. Moreover, it is suggested, that after de Gaulle's departure, France might return to the fold, and thus the split of Western Europe would be healed.

This argument overlooks three points: (1) France's nuclear force was initiated before de Gaulle came to power and whoever succeeds him will probably continue to maintain it; (2) West Germany's ambitions cannot be satisfied by a half share of an American-European trigger; and (3) if the MLF were released to exclusive European control, the effect would be to undermine NATO still further, since we would be under pressure to dissociate ourself from an ally whose small nuclear potential could be used to trigger our big one. We can scarcely justify an alliance with a nuclear France, and we frown upon Britain's deterrent; if a country that has active territorial claims against Soviet-controlled

George Grosz

territory and which the USSR actively fears were able to brandish the atom, the alliance would fly asunder.

The *inoculation theory*: In informal talks with Soviet representatives, frightened East Europeans and liberal friends in Western Europe and West Germany itself, all of whom worry about the consequences of a nuclear-armed West Germany, we keep repeating that the best way to discourage Germany from acquiring a full-fledged nuclear force of its own is to provide it, as part of Europe, with a small one. But the medical analogy of inoculation is more vivid than logical. Why should the Germans be satisfied with a small nuclear force? Have we not repeatedly and correctly explained, with reference to the small British and French forces, that a small deterrent is worth less than no deterrent at all? A country armed with a nuclear sting would be strong enough to provoke the Russians but not strong enough to shield itself or to deter a war. I have discussed this matter with German military men and I am certain that most of them are quite aware that 200 missiles, exposed on the surface of the sea, would not balance the invulnerable strategic Soviet force (most of which is of intermediary range and aimed at Western Europe, not at the United States). The leaders of West Germany would never be content with a nuclear sting.

The *learning theory*: President Kennedy was continually worried lest a nuclear doomsday be unleashed by a human or mechanical mistake. When observers praised his masterful use of power in the Cuban blockade, he emphasized that if anyone on either side were to make a major miscalculation in such a confrontation, there would be 150 million dead within eighteen hours. He was won over to support of the MLF, one of his advisers reports, by the argument that the Europeans should be allowed to learn prudence by the awful responsibility implied in sharing the control of atomic weapons. It is a fine theory, with only one flaw: who will assure us that during the learning period no firing will occur? And could we expect Russia to sit out our Deweyan experiment, risking annihilation in case it were to fail?

Finally, the *we-have-no-choice argument* must be considered. When I debated at New York University with Herman Kahn, he suggested that if we do not give nuclear weapons to the Germans they will obtain them anyhow. (Germany has a research reactor at Karlsruhe, and German missile experts are at work in Egypt.) Thus, by withholding nuclear arms, we should lose their gratitude and support without preventing their nuclear armament. However, Germany is committed since 1955 not to produce nuclear weapons. This commitment can be flouted at any moment, but without our backing Germany would invite a Soviet attack, at least on its missile and nuclear reactor sites. It is only under our military shield that a German nuclear force could grow. Producing such weapons secretly is inconceivable, since what is involved is not two bombs, as in the Manhattan Project, but the large-scale manufacture of bombs and delivery systems, which could not be built, deployed and coordinated surreptitiously. A declaration by the United States that it expects Ger-

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many to live up to its international commitment would be enough to prevent the "inevitable" German acquisition of nuclear weapons.

But what about the Germans? Do they actually desire nuclear weapons? Their position is rapidly changing. A few years ago only a small group of Germans, men like Herr Strauss, would as much as breathe such a possibility. More recently, the current German defense minister has said that the MLF would not be a genuine military instrument until the United States veto was withdrawn, and listed such a withdrawal as a goal of the Bonn government.

A special reason for present anxiety is Bonn's commitment to the reunification of Germany, which is interpreted as encompassing not only East Germany but also the territories east of the Oder-Neisse line, now held by Poland. Until recently, German officials would tell American visitors (strictly off the record) that their reunification demands were for public consumption, made out of domestic political considerations to keep the refugee vote. But over the last six months this attitude has changed. When a recent American visitor reminded two Bonn officials, who were talking about reunification, "but you do not mean it," the snap answer was "the hell we don't. We have relatives there who must be liberated." I met no one in Germany who wanted war or who believed that the liberation of his relatives would require it. But I met quite a few who would like West Germany to be fully armed in order, "at an opportune moment," to attain reunification by threats and military pressure—best effected, some believe, by nuclear weapons.

Perhaps the most unsettling aspect of this whole question is the present widespread German reluctance to discuss it in public. At a conference of the Federation of German Scientists held in Wieneck last May, I found that quite a few of the scientists attending thought that Germany's own interests—reunification included—would be better served by a thaw, by a Soviet-American accommodation, and, as they put it, by a "de-coupling" of Europe's problems from those of the cold war and the arms race. But most of them felt that they could not so express themselves in public without endangering their academic position (German professors are civil servants) and being showered with public abuse. An editor of the *Suddeutsche Zeitung* of Munich similarly explained his inability to support such a view in his columns. An interviewer of the Bremen Radio station listened to an American professor warning that Germany should refrain from acquiring nuclear weapons and describing the positive role the country could play in forwarding, rather than seeking to retard, disarmament negotiations. The interviewer then turned to him and said, "When we go on the air, I shall have to express my dismay at your views, though I perfectly agree with them. I hope you Americans will do something to stop us from the terrible temptation. We can no longer control ourselves."

The Space Crescent

MOON BOOM . . . . . William S. Ellis

It is the South, a land of snakes and swamps and sassy catfish; a land clogged with faded advertisements for snuff and fertilizer, and highway signs proclaiming that "The End Is Near—Prepare To Meet Thy God!" It is a land, too, of unparalleled boom, whose crackling fire of prosperity is refueled by the scorching backlash of each departing rocket of this space age. In future years, after the almost frantic effort to reach the moon has been throttled down to a commonplace judgment of either spectacular success or supreme folly, this section of the country will likely be remembered as having stood in bold relief on the economic flatness of the 1960s.

This area, originally called the missile crescent but now more properly the space crescent, arches from Brevard County (site of Cape Kennedy) in Florida, up to northern Alabama, and then down to New Orleans and west to Houston. Today, along certain points of that arc, the South's design for living is undergoing radical changes—changes laid out on that foundation of half fantasy from which the drive into space is unable to divorce itself.

The crescent stations of cyclonic activity set up by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) are, in addition to Cape Kennedy, the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala.; the mammoth Michoud Operations rocket manufacturing plant in New Orleans; the 128,000-acre Mississippi Test Operations site (about 35 miles north of Michoud) and the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston. The impact of NASA's work in the crescent area ranges from staggering to lightly discernible, but in every case the changes it effects must be reckoned with not only in terms of economics but socially and politically as well.

The two latter contexts will be examined in future articles, but it is necessary first to look at the crescent in terms of money, since that is the corporate society's natural starting place. From profit everything else springs: a large corporation with a NASA contract integrates its Southern work force, not because of any urgent desire to correct injustice, but because the government now demands of its contractors that they present an image, no matter how shallow, of social awareness (except for the FBI, NASA itself is probably the whitest, most blue-eyed, crew-cut, Protestant agency in government). A Congressman votes for passage of an obviously outlandish space appropriation, not because he looks forward

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William S. Ellis has been a reporter on papers in Montana, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Two years ago he became a free-lance journalist, and his articles have appeared in Harpers, The New York Times, The Reporter *and elsewhere. Mr. Ellis wrote this article and the two which will follow while on a grant from the Philip M. Stern Family Fund.*

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to the day when his grandchildren can go to summer camp on Mars, but because the president of a corporation doing business with NASA is his good friend and chief campaign benefactor.

In the simplest terms, NASA is charged with managing the most ambitious purchase order ever drawn up by the government of the United States. It calls for a trip to the moon and return within this decade. The cost of the order varies according to the official giving the estimate, but almost everyone concerned agrees that $20 billion would not be far off. To speculate on how many slums could be eradicated or how many poor fed with that sum of money would be futile: generally, the Congressman who is ready to ax space funds is equally opposed to government appropriations for pressing social needs.

Space spending occupies an almost hallowed position in government fiscal policy. It has been allowed to go its own way, hooking the economy to a point where any withdrawal would be painful, especially in the Southern crescent. Those who do question the wisdom of spending so much on so many vague concepts of progress are quickly put down. Such was the case last June when the Senate agreed to reconsider its approval, given only a few days earlier, of a $5.2 billion appropriation for the space program. The action was inspired by Senator Wayne Morse (D., Ore.), who voiced dismay at the lack of debate on the appropriation which he described as "far exceeding the negative connotation of a boondoggle." But less than twenty-four hours later, the money bill was through the Senate with every penny intact. Only two Senators, Paul H. Douglas (D., Ill.) and J. W. Fulbright (D., Ark.), joined Morse in opposition.

It was with well-based confidence, then, that J. H. Reed, of NASA's Management Office in Huntsville, could predict at a session of the Canaveral Space Congress this year that the space program is likely to involve massive annual outlays "for as long into the future as men can imagine."

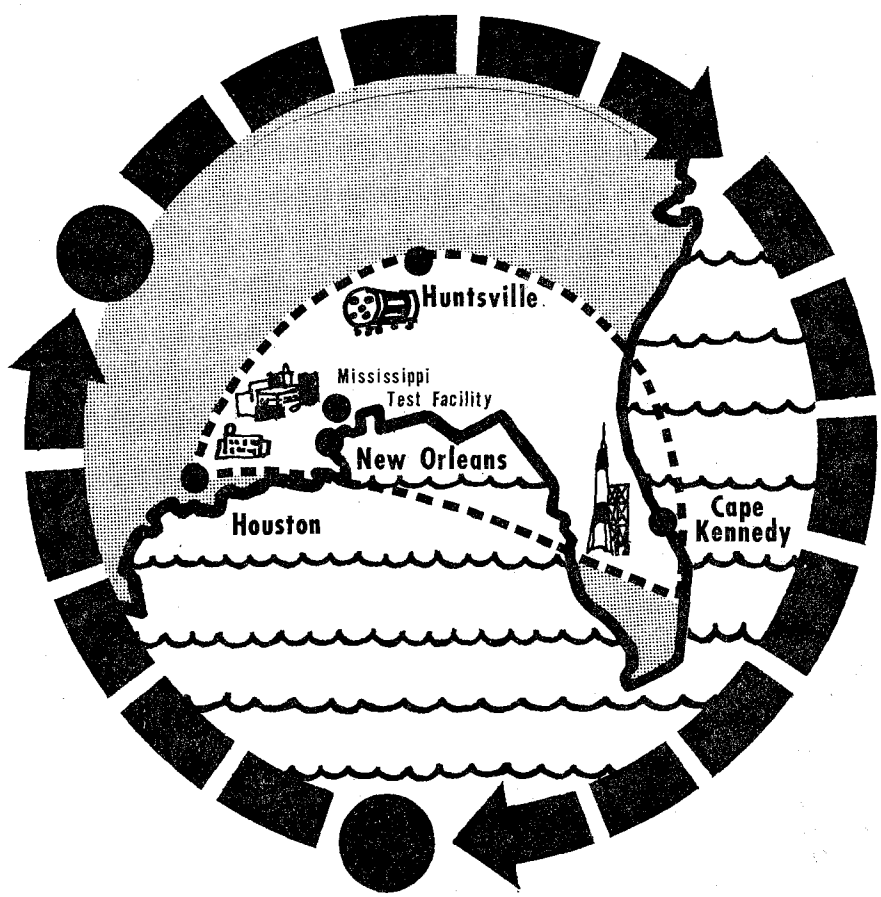
With the great majority of the space dollars going to private contractors (90 per cent in the case of the budget for the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston), the economic impact has become something other than "healthy." It has begun to give form to a monster of manipulation. Seldom before has so much subcontracting and joint-venture bidding been conducted under the mantle of free enterprise. The space program is ceding to private industry a degree of power that in no way meshes with the economic workings of a democracy. Some NASA officials express concern over this development, but most are blind to all but their dedication—it borders on nobility—to the success of the program.

Many of the jobs NASA has to do are too big for any one company to handle. For example, when the agency called for bids on construction of a building in which to assemble the massive, 365-foot-high Saturn V moon rocket, the specifications were enough to awe the most daring of entrepreneurs. The building, to be constructed on the government's recently acquired 88,000 acres of mostly swampland (average cost of dredging and filling, $7,000 per acre) on Merritt Island, adjacent to the Cape Kennedy complex, will rise 524 feet and cover more than 7 acres. It will be large enough to hold the Pentagon and another building half its size.

On January 7 of this year, NASA announced that the winning bids for joint construction of the vertical assembly building had been submitted by the Perini Corp., Morrison-Knudsen Co., Inc., and Paul Hardeman Construction Co., Inc. The contract is for $63.3 million, the largest amount for any single piece of aerospace construction in this country.

"Joint venture bidding is not new," Wesley L. Hjornevik, assistant director for administration at the Manned Spacecraft Center, said. "That, along with prime contracting and subcontracting, is done quite often." But how often does the commitment run to more than $60 million? Such a sum implies, in addition to a pooling of resources and construction know-how, a consolidation of corporate power to protect the deep involvement. Cartels have sprung from smaller acorns of harmony.

Dave W. Lang, procurement officer at the Manned Spacecraft Center, views it all in a shining light of All-American team spirit. "To achieve our goals within this



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decade," he has said, "we must call on a variety of talent and industrial strength from all parts of the country. Through an integrated system, we arrive at a product that insures the success of the program . . . each region has its share of the program because each part of the country has some talent it can contribute to the overall effort."

Nowhere is the "call" he speaks of more clearly heard than in the crescent area. There the scene is one of constant motion: executives of space-related industries rushing from conference to conference and filling the magnolia-scented air with the impersonal drone of the credit-card sophisticate; thousands of pretty secretaries placing hurried long-distance telephone calls and reserving rent-a-cars for their bosses (it sometimes seems that space people cover more miles with Hertz and Avis than they do with successful rocket flights); high-rise apartment and office buildings going up as quickly as the soil can be tested and turned; everyone making lots of money except the poor Southern farmer who has lived in the area all his life and doesn't quite know what all the fuss is about.

The impact is most striking in Florida's Brevard County. There the most rapid population growth of any county in the nation is now being recorded. To the communities of Cocoa, Cocoa Beach and Cape Canaveral, where not too many years ago a roadside fruit stand was a substantial enterprise, have come such industrial giants as Chrysler, Boeing, Douglas Aircraft, General Electric, Ford, RCA and many others. Shopping centers, housing developments and freeways flanked by scores of luxurious motels have moved in, making this area the somewhat garish nerve center of the new economic vitality.

In fact, the economy of Brevard County began to change when the housewife stopped squeezing oranges for juice. The world-famous Indian River citrus is grown there, and as juice in cans and cartons gained popularity, innovations in marketing and shipping the fancy fruit had to be made. After much consolidation, six major packing houses were left, each employing between 100 and 150 persons for eight months of the year. The combined payroll for the eight-month year ranged from $600,000 to $1,500,000. That was the chief industry in the county. But now the aerospace industry payroll is $130 million a year. And it is still rising. "It should reach $200 million a year by 1970," said Mayo Hill, executive secretary of the Cocoa Chamber of Commerce and a former citrus grower.

In Brevard, as elsewhere along the crescent, the ominous signs of swelling, uncontrolled corporate strength are to be seen on all sides. The role of Pan American Airways at the Cape Kennedy complex is a case in point.

Eleven years ago, Pan American contracted with the Air Force to serve as housekeeper of the Atlantic Missile Range, its duties including such chores as delivering food to the mess halls and maintaining security (a visitor to Cape Kennedy has to pass the scrutiny of guards employed not by the government but by Pan American). In the beginning, this division of the corporation had about fifty employees. As missile activity accelerated, Pan American's responsibilities increased, with the emphasis moving gradually but unmistakably from service to science. The employees now number 7,000, with a payroll of $144 million, most of which is dumped in Brevard County. The division still keeps the floors swept all right, but it also has taken on technological planning in such fields as instrumentation of sophisticated space vehicles.

"I want to make it clear on the point of who runs the range" [the Atlantic Missile Range], a Pan American spokesman said. "The Air Force is the range manager. Air Force men assign our tasks, review and approve our plans, and in general look over our shoulder to assure quality of performance, that costs are reasonable, and that the mission is accomplished in the most effective and economical manner." Responsibility for making the final decisions, he emphasized, rests with the Air Force.

It is understandable that the spokesman should stress the "management" aspect of the space program, for that is the key to the economic juggernaut now sweeping through the crescent. The stark fact is, however, that Pan American and Boeing and Chrysler and all the others are taking the ball away from the government.

In aerospace work, the climate for proliferation of self-interests is even more favorable than it is in the defense industry. Pan American, for example, is pushing what it calls the "state of the art" in a galaxy of space-related fields. Lockheed Missiles and Space Co. looks beyond the moon landing and reveals that its scientists, after three years of planning, have come up with designs of a bubble-shaped car for travel *on* the moon. And Westinghouse Electric Corp. is completing work on a nuclear power plant that can be transported in the nose of a Saturn V rocket and used to provide electricity at a lunar base. These concepts of future space hardware are being drawn up with the idea that someone is going to buy—someone being, of course, the federal government. In that way, the space program rolls merrily along, propelled by the companies themselves; it is not allowed to slow down, even at the crossroads where science turns into science fiction.

NASA's control has become so slack that in at least one case the agency's suggestions for change in design of a spacecraft were resisted by the contractor responsible for the technology of that particular program. Involved was the trouble-plagued Ranger spacecraft, and a good measure of the blame for its many launch failures before it finally got off last August can be traced to the contractual relationship between NASA and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology. For managing the laboratory, Cal Tech receives an annual fee of $1 million, making it, in effect, a prime aerospace contractor. Still, the laboratory was in such firm control of the Ranger program that it could virtually ignore NASA's suggestions on design. (See "Pentagon and Campus: The Sullen Marriage" by Wesley Marx, *The Nation*, May 18, 1964.)

Alas, arrogance, like almost everything else in the space program, does not come cheap; in this case, it cost the taxpayers $250 million.

It is little wonder, then, that with a shopping budget that permits millions in waste, NASA is regarded in the Southern crescent as the greatest thing to come along since hominy grits. The people there are happily awash in an atmosphere of tingling anticipation—as if sooner or later a man from Washington

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were going to knock on every door of every house in every community and say: "Here's 150 million bucks. We want to rent your son's space helmet." When workers began to assemble a tall structure at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, the word spread quickly that it was to be a rocket launch facility. The structure grew taller and excitement mounted. Already growing at such a rate that it may well be the largest city in the world by the year 2000, according to the Lloyds of London survey, Houston was to expand its space program participation even to include launchings! More industry rushing in; more money spilling into the streets; the eyes of the world glued on the gantry-spiked prairie!

Finally, workmen plunked a tank down on top of the structure, and the awful truth struck home. In this space-oriented age of exotic design, a common old water tower was a crushing anticlimax.

But disillusion with NASA is the rarest exception in the Southern crescent. The much more typical situation is that of a man named Milton K. Cummings and the company he heads—Brown Engineering of Huntsville. Many stars are falling on northern Alabama these days, and the brightest of them all appears to have landed squarely in the lap of this one-time cotton merchant.

Less than a dozen years ago, Brown Engineering's entire work force totaled fifteen. It was strictly a local business, characterized by the sloth of a small shop in a small Southern town. Six years ago, when Cummings stepped in as president, the company was about to go bankrupt. He quickly brought in fresh talent, diversified operations and went calling on officials at the nearby George C. Marshall Space Flight Center. Today, Brown Engineering is among NASA's top dozen contractors. It employs 3,400 in five major operating divisions; its research laboratories are spread out over an 80-acre site in outlying Huntsville, and there are branch units at each of the stations of space activity along the crescent.

Cummings developed the largest and most diversified space-work machine shop in the South. "We do all of the work, from the drawing board to the finished product." Many of the products the company supplies, such as cable masts for the base of a rocket's tail, are being built for the first time. "Our original budget was high because aerospace industries started with nothing," Cummings said. "Everything had to be built." So, in the beginning, he invested $1 million of his own money in the company. Last year, Brown Engineering's overall sales reached $33,122,824.

Something else that Cummings did was hire Joseph C. Moquin as executive vice president in charge of technical management. Moquin was chief management engineer at Redstone Arsenal, of which the Flight Center is a part. Herein lies another reason why NASA is losing control to private industry: for all of the money it spends, the agency's salary scale is low (Dr. Wernher von Braun receives less than $25,000 a year) and more and more of its top talent is joining space-related industries.

The presence of the Space Flight Center has wrought great economic changes in Huntsville and all of Madison County. Between twenty and twenty-five space-related industrial plants are there now, and another 100 firms, with an interest in the space program, have representatives in the area. One of the industries with a large local payroll is called Spaco, Inc. It is a grand space-age name—short, metallic and hinting of fiery speed. But Spaco is an old Huntsville firm. Before rockets were invented, it made awnings, and the letters in its name stand for Southern Protective Awning Co. Now it has almost 500 employees, turns out components for missiles and enjoys annual gross sales in the millions of dollars. Such are the good fortunes of being in the right place at the right time and having a name so deserving of a role in this drama of the new South—a South where help-wanted newspaper advertisements for bean pickers have been replaced by ones for telemetry data processing programers; a South where books on applied mathematics outsell Douglas Freeman's three-volume set of *Lee's Lieutenants*.

The first wave of the space program's billions of dollars washed up on Huntsville and the statistics of the growth that followed are overwhelming. Population is up from 16,000 just ten years ago to more than 110,000 today (the number of

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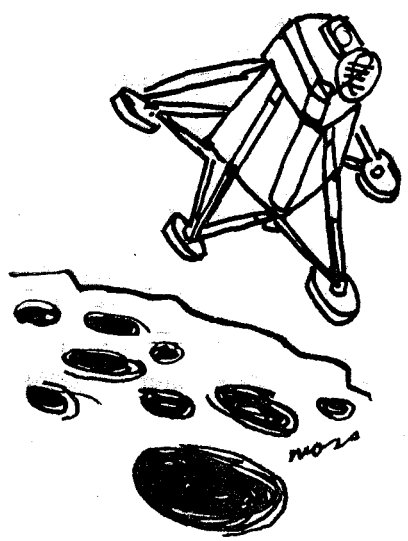
pupils in the Huntsville schools now exceeds the city's total population in 1950); construction totaled more than $81 million in 1963, an unheard of amount for an Alabama city in one year; retail sales soared to $60 million in the first quarter of 1964, up almost 20 per cent from the same period last year and making Huntsville the second fastest-growing metropolitan market in the nation; annual sale of kilowatt hours of electricity has more than tripled in eight years; 1,000 new telephones were installed during January of this year alone.

Old-time residents of Huntsville say now that maybe Henry Ford was right. They are harking back more than forty years to the time when the car maker from Detroit stood looking at the pleasant, rolling hills of northern Alabama and predicted that one day there would be a city stretching from Huntsville to Muscle Shoals. Developers took him at his word; they bought up land and even laid out street boundaries in the cotton fields. But nothing happened and people said old Henry was wrong—Huntsville would never amount to



anything more than being the birthplace of Tallulah Bankhead. TVA came in, though, bringing with it lakes and more greenery for the land, cheap power and new hope for prosperity. Finally, in April, 1950, Wernher von Braun and his group of German scientists moved from Fort Bliss, Tex., to Redstone Arsenal; and from that day forward, Henry Ford's city began to rise and for the first time in the history of this country, native-born Southerners began migrating back to the South to work for the government.

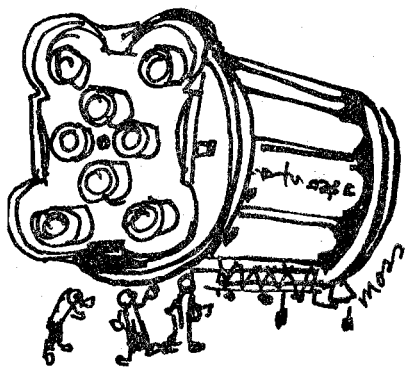
"Over the years we have talked about the opportunities that would come when we developed our waterways and expanded from a primarily agricultural economy to a diversified economy," Milton Cummings said. "Now that era of opportunity is here—right here in our southland."

The diversification, however, is less than sweeping. Huntsville's economy has indeed spread from cotton futures to rocket construction, but there, except for a mushrooming of related services, it more or less stops. This worries some who still have reservations about the durability of the space program. To dispel these fears, more and more former generals and admirals, recruited from retirement into "advisory" capacities with aerospace firms, are appearing at service club luncheons in towns along the crescent and assuring the jittery that "the program is here to stay." Non-space-related industries are reluctant to move into the area, however, because of the high wage platform, and at present there are only about 5,000 jobs on the Huntsville labor market in which the federal government is not involved, directly or indirectly.

Further, the boom means little to the unskilled native son. There is no place in space for his pick-and-shovel talents. During the past several years, less than 100 unskilled persons have been hired at Redstone Arsenal, and yet they keep coming—more than 100 a day—to the employment office for work that isn't there. Huntsville tries to diversify the boom through its industrial expansion committee. Handsome brochures have been printed (". . . a pleasant, sunny place to live") and expensive color advertisements placed in *Fortune* (". . . a city blessed with many resources"), but so far the bait has attracted only more highly technical industries eager to share in the bonanza of the space billions. The city will post an industrial employment net gain of perhaps 2,000 jobs this year; almost all of them will be in skilled missile work.

Should the space program collapse tomorrow, much of Huntsville would collapse with it, and all of the expansion would shrivel up.

Elsewhere on the crescent, Houston and New Orleans are less dependent on the space program as a foundation for their economies. Nevertheless, the impact is significant. In Houston, for instance, eighty aerospace firms have established new branches or enlarged existing operations as a result of the decision to locate the $147 million—the original estimated cost was less than half that much—Manned Spacecraft Center there. In New Orleans, the Michoud Operations facility increased the number of



retail establishments by 300 and retail sales by $33 million.

"The Houston business community has been disappointed by the impact," the Manned Spacecraft Center's Wesley Hjornevik said. "They didn't understand that it wasn't going to be a flashy thing, with lots of manufacturing. That was the single big misunderstanding between Houston and NASA, I believe."

The Center, a complex of seventeen handsomely furnished buildings spread out over as many acres, is to be concerned only with the development and manning of the spacecraft. No actual construction work will be undertaken there, and there will be, therefore, no massive stimulation of the economy. Federal funds for the Center amounted in 1963 to $1.3 billion, of which only $11 million was spent on contracts in the Houston area. Construction of the buildings will soon be completed and employment is expected to level off next year, after peaking at around 5,000. After that, the scientists and the glib young administrators and the astronauts and the smile-a-second secretaries will have everything pretty much to themselves in the thickly carpeted, air-conditioned Center. (NASA, which likes to cite the climate as one of the major reasons for concentrating its activity in the 1,200-

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mile crescent, has placed an air conditioner in every nook and cranny of its installations.)

To an anti-space observer, the Center, rising on the brownish-yellow expanse of parched, deeply rutted prairie, must loom as the ultimate in wasteful spectaculars. And invariably the question comes to mind: Why go to the moon?

There are dozens of official stock answers to that question, many of them invoking the name of Columbus ("Columbus took a chance and look what came out of that"). Paul E. Purser, special assistant to the director of the Manned Spacecraft Center, preferred to use the Crusades for a parallel. "The ideal we are striving for," he said, "is a concept of living. The moon is only the material symbol of this concept, as the city of Jerusalem was only the symbolic goal of the Crusaders." He went on to warn that the whole project involves a challenge to "our democratic way of life by the controlled society, where the state is supreme." For one brief, frightening moment, he invoked a vision of Anastas Mikoyan replacing J. Edgar Hoover in the event that we don't reach the moon first.

NASA is forced to take that vision seriously because it answers the question, not why man should go to the moon, but why it is necessary to use a crash program to get him there. The whole space endeavor is riddled with "shoot-and-hope" failures, all because of the great rush. But failure begets additional research and additional research begets additional contracts to private industry which, in many cases, was responsible for the failure in the first place. And all of this flurry produces "spin-off" projects—those delicious bits of profitable progress —*with which corporate power* cements its every gained inch in the drift toward reliance on aerospace for a major support of the nation's economy.

As aerospace continues to be our fastest growing industry, the Southern crescent continues to emerge as the throbbing heart of this new, slide-rule-devised design for living. From Texas to the east coast of Florida, and from New Orleans to northern Alabama, men and machines are working frantically to keep the heart on a rapid beat. Even now, if the heart should fail, there would be a gasping for breath in Kalamazoo as well as in Cocoa. Our economic commitment to space has gone that far.

Cuba: The Girl and the Slogans . . . Arthur Hoppe

We were sitting in the bar of the Casa Grande Hotel in Santiago on the eastern tip of Cuba, the pretty girl in militia uniform, her husband and I. They were fine young people, full of laughter and gentleness.

It had been a grand afternoon and now she was trying to tell me what life for a young married couple is like in the new Cuba. She told of how she went to the university in the mornings, typed in a government office in the afternoons and served in the militia, patrolling the streets in the warm nights.

And did they plan to have children? "We haven't time for that right now," she said in deep seriousness. "We must work hard if we are to win."

As she said it, she was no longer a shy, attractive young girl. She was a soldier. I was no longer conscious of her soft cheeks and huge dark eyes, but of her uniform—the boots, the baggy khaki pants, the coarse blue denim shirt and the heavy Colt .38 strapped around her hips. And I was sad.

It was a sadness I had felt often during the week I spent in Cuba. I felt it again that same night when we went out to hear Fidel Castro speak. The crowd of peasants in straw hats was stretched out below him far into the middle distance and he harangued them—there is no other word for it—for three and a half hours. He spoke hardly at all of communism, but constantly of patriotism. The theme he wove and rewove into his speech was that here they were, loyal Cubans all, surrounded on their small beleaguered island by implacable enemies led by the United States. And the crowd would begin to chant happily: "Fee-dell, hit the Yankees hard!" Or, if he mentioned malcontents: "To the wall!"

When it was over each listener, as far as the eye could see, raised both arms, clasped hands with his neighbor and sang *The Internationale*. I expected it, but what surprised me was the way they sang it, swaying back and forth in long lines, bringing forth the militant words with a soft Latin lilt, as though it were a fraternity drinking song. And this made me sad.

Afterward, we went to the carnival. Under banners proclaiming the glories of Marxism and Leninism, the proletariat paraded eight abreast through the narrow streets —each doing the cha-cha-cha. I found myself with an arm around the shoulder of a thin old Negro man. "Americano?" he asked. "Gringo," I replied. "Ah, Americano!" he shouted, throwing his other arm around me and giving me a huge hug as the crowd around us laughed and clapped their hands. Behind him on a wall a huge poster cried out in angry red letters:

"YANQUIS! ASESINOS!"

Arthur Hoppe is a syndicated West Coast political columnist.

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An army jeep honked us out of the way. It was towing a gaily decorated white float bearing a pretty girl in a low-cut organdy gown, smiling and waving like beauty queens everywhere—fresh, young, virginal. But the sign over her flowered throne said: "Fatherland or Death! We Shall Win!" And I felt the sadness again.

In the days that followed I came to understand the sadness. It was because I had come to love the Cuban people—as much as one can love a whole people. I loved them because I found them warm and friendly and joyous and wryly funny. Yet these seemed the very qualities endangered by the growing regimentation of the island. For, to me, the basic sin of communism is that it is intrinsically dull—that the discipline and conformity it imposes sap the joy from life. And I came to feel I was in the middle of a vast contest between the grim Orwellian world of 1984 and the cha-cha-cha—with the former slowly winning.

On my last day I spoke of my fears to a Cuban friend I had made. He laughed and said what so many others have: "Don't worry about us. We may be Communists, but we're Cuban Communists and that's something else again. Even the Russians don't understand us. Really, ideology isn't one of our strong points."

Maybe so; but I continue to worry. For the Cubans display other qualities. Like most island peoples, they are intensely patriotic; like most Latin peoples they are intensely emotional. And it strikes me that it is not communism Fidel Castro is selling them; it is patriotism. As long as he can plausibly picture Cuba as a brave bastion assailed by enemies, pretty young girls will proudly wear guns and drill in the streets—when they should be going to dances and thinking of babies. As long as the island lies under siege, I fear the discipline and the conformity will grow as it grows in any nation on a wartime footing.

Maybe my friend is right, and what is Cuban will survive what is Communist. But I wonder. I wonder most about the young people, growing up in an atmosphere of constant propaganda. For I felt the sadness most on my last night in Havana, standing at the window of my hotel room and looking out over the Caribbean in the moonlight. There, above the city, rose a neon sign, three stories high, flashing over and over and over again the omnipresent battle cry:

FATHERLAND OR DEATH. . . . (flick) WE SHALL WIN. . . . (flick) FATHERLAND OR DEATH. . . . (flick) WE SHALL WIN. . . .

As I stood there watching it, I hoped in my sadness that somehow, after our elections, we would find a way to make our peace with Cuba. Not because we like communism—but because we don't.

GOP: Can the Moderates Come Back? Milton Viorst

Washington, D.C.

Republican moderates, whose inept performance before and at San Francisco proved such an asset to the Goldwater forces, have begun scratching their heads for a way to recapture the party. Reading the polls, they foresee a debacle for the Republican Presidential candidate on November 3, but they also know that a debacle does not mean the Goldwater radicals will skulk away, humiliated, returning the party machinery to their hands.

On the contrary, it has been clear for some time that the Goldwater forces—even before their candidate was nominated—have never expected to win this election. Their principal goal has been to win the party. It is remembered now that Goldwater himself spoke a year or two ago of settling for 45 per cent of the vote. His first move as a candidate was not to establish a campaign organization, which is the normal procedure, but to seize the party apparatus. His campaign tactics in recent weeks indicate that he has virtually foreclosed the possibility of gaining the support of substantial numbers of moderates, which means that he is now resigned to receiving less than 45 per cent of the vote and to a major defeat. But he and his cohorts have continued to tighten their grip on the party machinery. Goldwaterites are still pressing forward at the state levels. Win or lose, the ultra-conservatives plan to retain direction of the GOP.

The line which the defeated Goldwaterites will take is now emerging. One disaffected moderate from the National Committee has said: "They'll react like the Germans after World War I. They'll claim they were stabbed in the back by their own people." The New York *Daily News*, reliable indicator of trends inside the Goldwater camp, ran a column early this month quoting Rogers C. Dunn, an election statistician who has long been in the pay of the Republican right wing. Dunn has for years maintained, in Goldwater's behalf, that within the electorate there is a vast reservoir of conservative strength —10 million, he said—that has never voted in the past, but that will bring victory in the future, simply by going to the polls. Now, conceding Goldwater's defeat, he has modified his song: Goldwater will get those 10 million ex-abstainers, but will be robbed of an equivalent 10 million or so by a "conspiracy" of the moderates. Dunn argues that the GOP liberals, by beclouding the real issues of the election with aspersions on Goldwater's intelligence, have deprived the party not only of votes but of badly needed financial support—the very support that could pay for the dissemination of the truth. Dunn still insists that a substantial majority of Americans favor Goldwater. But because Republican liberals have befuddled them, he says, Goldwater is destined to lose overwhelmingly this fall.

The Republican Right has thus prepared its doctrine for disaster. By shifting the onus of the defeat to the Left, they hope to come back for more in 1968 and thereafter. They will claim that further education of the electorate will correct the liberal distortions; they will demand the right to try again.

There is much truth, of course, to the charge that the liberal Repub-

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Milton Viorst is a free-lance writer, living in Washington, D.C. His Hostile Allies: FDR and De Gaulle *will be published by Macmillan in February.*

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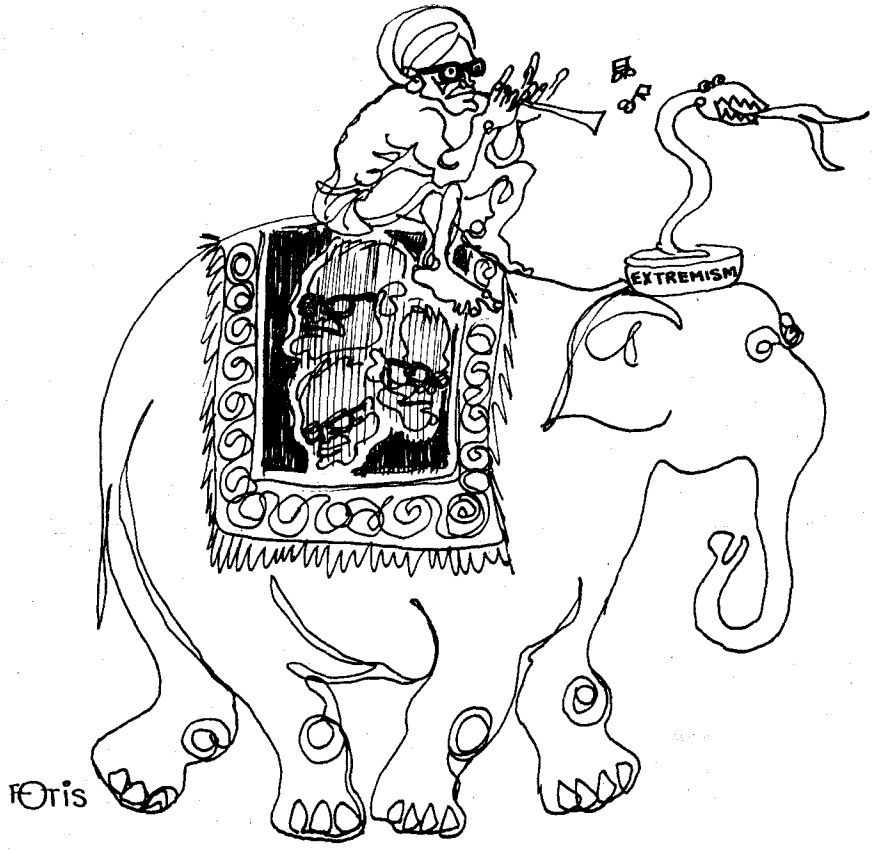

licans have abandoned Goldwater. In addition to Senators Javits and Keating, Case and Kuchel, who from the beginning expressed their contempt for the ticket, more and more Republicans have parted company with Goldwater and Miller as the campaign has disintegrated. If the apostates of the early days spurned the ticket out of conviction, those in mid-campaign have departed out of fear of being dragged down by a general collapse. Unquestionably they have risked forfeiting their influence within the party, despite their claims to the contrary. Their consciences may be purer, but in the aftermath to November 3, their voices will be weaker than those of the men who, however unwillingly, remained to face the music.

Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania and Charles Percy, would-be Governor of Illinois, should theoretically be in an ideal position to pick up the pieces of the Republican Party. Both have supported Goldwater, though they obviously find him offensive. George Romney, Michigan's Governor, has also made evident his lack of enthusiasm for Goldwater without actually repudiating him. Any of the three might therefore be qualified to lead a moderate renaissance. But Romney and Percy must first be elected, and Scranton must make up for his clumsy behavior in San Francisco. Most important, none of the three showed that he possessed the resources to challenge Goldwater before San Francisco and there is no certainty that any will put up a tougher fight after Election Day.

The moderate Republicans still suffer from a critical lack of leadership. If they could rally around a chief, as they once did around Eisenhower, they could probably regain control of the machinery behind the Republican National Committee, which has been Goldwater in complexion since William Miller took over as chairman after the 1960 election. A rough count of the 106-member committee, which theoretically makes policy for the party, suggests that an anti-Goldwater majority could be assembled. A strong moderate leader — particularly one with ample financial backing — could infuse the committee with a sense of mission and drive out Dean Burch, John Grenier and the rest of the far Right Goldwater crew. But in reality the National Committee has not set policy for decades. The national machinery has been in the hands of the party professionals. And no one really believes that a competent, forceful leader will come forth.

The best strategy for the moderates, in their own judgment, is to win back control of the national party through the state party organizations. Rockefeller and Scranton demonstrated at San Francisco, for a while at least, that they could retain the loyalty of their state delegations, despite Goldwater's juggernaut. They obviously lacked the strength for a sustained holding action, but their brief success showed that capture of the state houses is the most promising strategy available. At least three outstanding moderate Senators—Javits of New York, Case of New Jersey and Kuchel of California—are giving serious consideration to running for Governor of their states between now and 1968. None of them want the job; all prefer the good life in Washington to the rough-and-tumble of state politics. But if all three won, and arrived at the Republican convention of 1968 supported by the delegations of Pennsylvania under Scranton, Michigan under Romney, Illinois under Percy and Oregon under Hatfield, the moderates would be hard to beat. They would have seven of the largest states under their control and the psychological advantage of being on the upswing. But this stategy, however great its attractions, is predicated on an almost uninterrupted string of electoral victories, none of which is by any means certain. Even more important, it assumes a certain dedication and strength of purpose—neither of which virtues was conspicuous among the moderates during the 1964 campaign for the Republican nomination.

A Goldwater rout may very well consolidate the power of the extreme right wing in the Republican Party. In the races for Congress, the Republican moderates will be more vulnerable than the conservatives. If a right winger has established himself in office over a period of years, it is probable that his constituents like him that way and that he will not be dislodged by a national anti-Goldwater tide. But those Republicans who have campaigned as moderates will carry Goldwater around their necks, as heavy as any albatross. Thus Senator Keating in New York and Senator Beall in Maryland are apt to go down, although under other circumstances they might have won. Also, quite a few House moderates—Sibal from Connecticut and McDade from

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Pennsylvania, for instance—are serious underdogs. John Lindsay and Seymour Halpern, both from New York City, and both with good records in the House, will be running under heavy handicaps. The absence of such men would make the GOP delegations in both Senate and House more conservative than before. It would certainly make a resurgence of Republican moderation more difficult.

An early transfer of power within the Republican Party faces a further obstacle in the huge debt that will encumber the National Committee after November. The best current estimate is that it will reach $5 million. One of the important factors of the 1964 campaign is that much big-business money has been diverted to the Democrats. Goldwater's men are so angry that they are seeking, as sour grapes, to pin the "big business" tag on the Democratic Party, and calling themselves—alas—the party of the common man. The deficit will substantially reduce the attractiveness of Republican Party leadership, for the top echelon will be preoccupied during the next four years with paying bills. It would be a stout-hearted moderate who would seek such a privilege, and no stout hearts have appeared.

The Goldwater conservatives have not overlooked the prospect of a post-election fight. If they lose badly in November, it is more than conceivable that they will wage it without Goldwater. Senator Thruston Morton of Kentucky, when he was Republican National Chairman, once remarked that if he lost the Presidential election, "Barry would be content to go home and play with his ham radio for the rest of his life." Goldwater has waged a dismal campaign; Richard Nixon, a far more astute manipulator who earned the party's loyalty in a dogged and close race, could not retain the organization's support after the 1960 election. And unlike Nixon or John Kennedy, Goldwater did not create the movement that led to his candidacy. His relationship to the conservative movement fits a modification of Voltaire's quip: "if he didn't exist, we'd have to invent him." If Goldwater becomes too conspicuous a liability, the conservatives will simply invent someone else. The talent among them is thin, but there remain in the background such attractive possibilities as Senator Peter Dominick of Colorado or Rep. Gerald Ford of Michigan. Goldwater's departure would not bring an end to Goldwaterism.

What has upset the moderates most in recent weeks has been the defection of Senator Strom Thurmond to the Goldwater banner. Thurmond has walked out of the Democratic Party before, so it was no surprise. But the act, accompanied as it was by Goldwater's warm public embrace, seemed to foretell the very polarization of parties that the Republicans of the Center most fear. A mass defection of the Thurmonds of the South would certainly mean that there was no place in the GOP for the moderates, who have long had trouble justifying their presence there anyway. Such a development would mean the end of the two-party system as the country knows it. Though some might be tempted to say "good riddance," for Republican moderates it would be unmitigated disaster. It would press middle-of-the-road voters into the Democratic camp, where Lyndon Johnson has already extended a big welcome. It would narrow the base of Republican support to an even smaller national minority. It would definitely threaten American political stability. But it would give the ultraconservatives what they want and what they have been striving for—a party all their own.

Many Republican moderates know that they are struggling both for their personal survival and that of their party as a significant political force. They seem to understand now that they cannot assume that what the active members of the party want above anything else is to win elections. They might have reached that conclusion in 1960, when the party rejected Rockefeller, who was almost sure to win, to choose Nixon, who was not. That the rank and file of Republican voters is not enthusiastic about Goldwater extremism seems almost irrelevant now. The Republicans who were active liberals and moderates appear to have fled to the Democratic Party some time ago. Even the apathetic ones will vote Democratic in huge numbers in 1964. They may never return to Republicanism. The failure of the moderate wing of the Republican Party to come up with a serious alternative to Goldwater in 1964 reflects a basic weakness, not a mere coincidence of circumstances. Its job after the election would not be easy under the best of circumstances. But now the moderates have raised the question of whether they possess the inner resources to come back at all. The Goldwaterites are betting that they do not.

GOING PUBLIC . . . . . Anne W. Simon

It used to take years of achievement to become known to the public. Today a private person who has done something noteworthy, or at least newsworthy, can become a public person in a few weeks. Mass exposure, gift of the electronic era, makes it possible. The requirements are an accomplishment, a reason to talk about it, and a public relations man who knows his way around the studio circuit; the result, instant fame.

Going public has hazards for the private person and for the people whose attention he now courts on the air. Only those who work the miracle know what the hazards are, and they are not likely to tell. The business of the p.r. men, the communicators, is illusion, and they want to keep it intact, the tricks of the trade hidden from view. I was astonished to discover that despite my years of scrutinizing television and radio for the magazine columns I wrote, it was only in my own recent personal brush with mass exposure that I lost my innocence.

Anne W. Simon is the author of Stepchild in the Family *(Odyssey Press). Under the name of Anne W. Langman she has written TV criticism for* The Nation.

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It was a book I wrote, published this spring, that put me on the electronic merry-go-round. Its subject is stepchildren and stepparents, and that, in the jargon, is a hot one for mass exposure.

My publisher says that he does not know what sells books, but he encourages authors who have the credentials to try mass exposure and see what happens. As a result, I ranged the field, from the *Today* show at 7 A.M. to *Contact Wins* at midnight, from a two-hour stint on Boston radio to two minutes on New York's WABC. I was interviewed by newsman Mike Wallace and showman Mike Douglas, by Haywood Vincent and Vincent Tracy, by the ladies of *Girl Talk*, a minister, a disk jockey—all in all, I appeared on more than twenty television and radio programs within a month.

"You'll begin to like it . . . ." the publisher's p.r. man said. With this carrot he tempts authors like me, relatively unknown private people, into going public, so that the personality cult may embrace them and the books may sell. No matter how shy, truculent, or inarticulate they may have been, many are hooked by the habit. I could see that it has its undoubted pleasures, but at the end of four weeks, I fled to privacy.

Admittedly, I learned a few things about speaking up, looking up, hamming it up. I can now project my personality and I no longer forget to mention the title of my book in the heat of discussion—which wins me an approving smile from my p.r. guardian, keeping score in the control room. In less lucid moments, I even pine to start all over again. Knowing what I know now I could, I muse, be a coast-to-coast sensation. But now I also know too much about the hazards—to me as well as to the public—to enjoy mass exposure's balm to the ego.

The hazards of guestmanship on the interview, the panel, the unrehearsed, informal, network chat became quickly apparent. The producer of the first TV show I did ("Top exposure, prime time . . ." the p.r. man exulted) briefed me. I should start by talking about my personal life, my marriage, my family. "Everybody likes to talk about themselves," he said, smothering my objections, "and that's what's interesting." I argued the logic with him. I was there because of the book I wrote, and although I am, as its jacket states, both stepchild and stepmother, that is irrelevant to the book. In fact, the book's validity rests precisely on its being an objective report, based on several years' research. The stepchild subject is full of interest; my own experiences are neither particularly interesting nor illuminating. Last but not least is my innate distaste for talking about private affairs in public, heightened, in this situation, by the damage a chance remark on the air might do to any one of the assorted members of my family.

The logic didn't change his expectations. Personal revelations are the pattern followed by almost every communicator in my roster.

These convictions seem to me not unusually quixotic, but to hold to them I had to be uncompromising, even monosyllabic. It was a TV star, immersing me in a mist of hair spray ("to brighten you up a bit, dear") who turned my resolve to iron. When she said that we would chat about me and my life "and all the problems you must have," my response was a plain no. She summoned her producer to deal with this bizarre refusal. He talked to me in whispers in a corner of the studio, for mine was a heresy better unadvertised. "You must talk about yourself. That's what the show's about." "No," I said, the spray still stinging my eyes. "What else is there?" "The book," I murmured, "maybe something in the book. Have you read it?" "We had somebody read it, of course. What's in it?"

It was two minutes to air time, and the show, we knew, must go on. It did. No personal questions. If there had been, I would have carried out my last-ditch threat of silence on the air which, it appeared, would have been a worse disaster than for the star and me to talk about what I was there to talk about. My only regret in this victory was the sorrow I inflicted on the hard-working p.r. man, who is convinced that the maverick in the flock reflects on the competence of the shepherd, and that I had done damage not only to my own image but to his.

In penance, I compromised on lesser matters. I have a low voice, and speak slowly, especially when I am trying to make sense. "A few elocution lessons would do you a world of good," a female interrogator told me during the commercial. Since there were only sixty seconds and no instructor handy, I made a major effort to speak up, speak fast and in short sentences so that she could conveniently interrupt me when the going got dull. I was complimented all around. No one seemed to notice that what I had said, while concentrating on delivery, made very little sense at all.

Required words were even more distracting. It is my habit to say point of view rather than viewpoint, an idiosyncracy which I had hardly ever noticed until I was a guest on *Viewpoint*. This radio interview asks guests to include "My viewpoint is . . ." in their opening remarks. Luckily, the show is taped; it took me four tries before I got the "view" before the "point," by which time I could hardly summon a point or a view. Even more disastrous is the salutation "Good Living!" with which interviewer and interviewee must open and close radio's series of that name. The specter of saying "Good Living!" instead of hello, goodby, or any other common greeting or farewell, froze my thought processes to a standstill.

By the second week, I began to change my ways. The facile tongue and well-delivered phrase came more easily, fan mail increased; I wondered when I would be tapped by David Susskind. Tipsy with my new ability to please the communicators, I breezily called them by their first names when they called me by mine. Only two chose to let the audience know that we had just met, using Mr. and Mrs. as we exchanged ideas. Perhaps by chance, both interviews were unusually cogent.

A novice no longer, I found it mildly funny to be told by a top entertainer, busy rehearsing a couple of song-and-dance acts, that I was his "intellectual segment" for the day; tomorrow's, he added reassuringly, was Malcolm X. Funny, too, the jovial disk jockey turned talk purveyor, who was simultaneously discussing our upcoming program, having his shoes shined and eating a sandwich lunch, the cover of my book propped up against the coffee container. "Covers are all I need," he said, "I give the books away." Just as well, perhaps. An interview-

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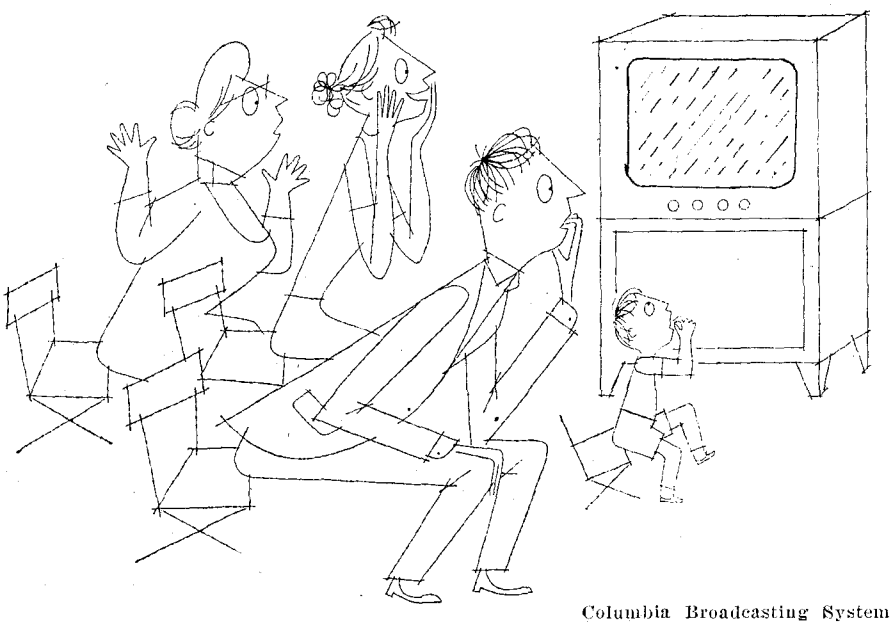

Columbia Broadcasting System

er on a coast-to-coast TV show who had actually read the book greeted me, tears in her eyes, with "It's all so meaningful that I'm scared to death." I could only answer that that made two of us, and silently congratulate myself on achieving the retort courteous twenty seconds before viewing millions would gaze upon us, one weeping, one wanting to weep.

No one of these small conventions of mass exposure was important by itself. Added together, they were a considerable hazard. Changing my voice and manners and defending my principles required concentrated effort; what I said had to take second place. In my innocent days, I had thought that ideas were the primary consideration on interviews. I discovered before long that my private life and whatever public personality I could achieve came first. That was the hazard to me in going public.

Another thing about which I did not know was the hazard to the public. What is said on the air has status with the audience just because it is on the air. They listen with more faith than cynicism. With this in mind, I was shocked to find myself suddenly qualified as advice giver, marriage counselor and how-to-do-it packager, although I am no one of these and the book I wrote has no such pretensions.

"You're the Dr. Spock of stepchildren," a commentator said, intending flattery, and spent the remaining minutes of pre-air time asking how he could get out of paying his first wife so much alimony, so as to be a better stepfather to the children of his present wife. I soon decided that everybody in mass communications was a step person. If it was not an interviewer asking how to deal with his recalcitrant stepchild, the producer was having stepmother trouble. A director, eavesdropping in his control booth, left his post during the commercial break to ask if he should marry a woman whose children made him sick—"literally, sick" he said, retreating then to the safety of his glass enclosure. I thought the jinx was broken when I went through an entire program without encountering stepchild or stepparent. But the new rule held, after all: at the close, a burly camera man descended from his hooded perch and shook my hand warmly. "Tell me," he said, "how can I be a good stepfather when those kids? . . ." I fled.

I answered most communicators' queries with an explanation. Mine is a journalist's book, containing information collected about step relations from experts in appropriate fields. I do perhaps know more about the whole of the subject than anyone else, because nobody has ever done this particular research before. But in self-protection as much as modesty, I insist that I know less about any one of its parts than any expert I consulted, less about law for the step family than the lawyers, less about its emotions than the psychiatrists. I can describe the step relation in its many aspects, but I cannot tell anyone what to do about it. I even nurture a hope that the book might stir people to decide what ought to be done and how to do it for themselves.

But the communicators were not about to be reformed by me, no matter how strongly I protested the dangers of giving or taking unqualified advice. Their off-the-air quest for advice set the tone for on-the-air questioning. Specifics of how-to-do-it were what they asked for. This, they said, is what the people want.

Being asked for advice is heady wine. How long even the most humble can resist its intoxication is an open question. For me, the temptation to edge in on Dr. Spock's territory was strong. The questions, particularly in audience-participation shows, were often poignant and compelling. If I succumbed, the pressure snowballed. Worse still, interviewers, impatient with my stubborn reluctance to serve up solutions to individual problems, often answered their own questions, and those from the audience, too. Whether they knew it or not, these show-biz personalities, blithely advising unseen millions on the complex and delicate step relation, were the only ones who could force me into advice giving. They did it more than once.

I was astounded by the cruelty of the ubiquitous self-importance I witnessed. A stepmother-songstress regaled me and the TV audience with tales of her misbehaving stepchild, whose name she revealed in pretty confusion; "I didn't mean to tell which one of the children it is in case they're listening in," she smiled, and proceeded to explain how patiently she handled the troublemaker. "I'm a good stepmother, don't you think so?" she asked me. A hoofer on the show came to the rescue. "How could you be," he said, "you're never home."

I don't know if the how-to-do-it hunger will ever abate. It seems to be an intense longing all around. But if mass communication requires giving advice without authority, and if it must follow the personality cult regardless of its hazards, I prefer the safety of being a private person. Going public, in the words of one of its masters, kids me not.

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Charlie's Chaplin

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Charles Chaplin. Simon & Schuster. 512 pp. $6.95.

John Houseman

I remember a winter in the early fifties when three well-known writers were biting their nails around Beverly Hills, setting up interviews with Charles Chaplin, each trying to wring out of him some authentic account of his early years—to be used in books they were hoping to write about him. He was charming to them all, listened politely to the results of their painful research, which he neither confirmed nor denied, and bade them a smiling farewell.

"Writers are nice people," declares Mr. Chaplin in his autobiography, "but not very giving. Whatever they know they seldom impart to others; most of them keep it between the covers of their books." And as though to prove his point, after so many years of stubborn silence, here, finally, between the covers of his own book, is the wild, tragic and improbable drama of his life, consciously and unconsciously revealed in words which, for better or for worse, are unmistakably his own.

"To gauge the morals of our family by commonplace standards would be as erroneous as putting a thermometer in boiling water." Charles Chaplin was born into a broken theatrical family—his father, a quiet, brooding man with dark eyes who looked like Napoleon, was a talented but alcoholic baritone on the Variety stage; his mother, a successful "soubrette," until she lost her voice in her late 20s, was herself the child of a broken home, the daughter of a half-gypsy and a cobbler from County Cork. The first and most affecting part of Mr. Chaplin's book is, in fact, a memorial to Lily Chaplin, his gay, spirited mother with the "violet-blue eyes and long, light-brown hair that she could sit upon," who through the years of their blackest misery managed, with her racy elegance and theatrical literacy, to make her sons Sydney and Charlie feel that they were "not the ordinary product of poverty, but unique and distinguished."

Yet the circumstances of her life and theirs were tragic, almost beyond belief: an unbroken decline from gentility to poverty and then, as her health gave way, to an indigence so complete that it drove them through the Lambeth Poorhouse to the Hanwell School for Orphans and Destitute Children and, later, when Lily had her first mental collapse, led the doctors to attribute it, in large part, to chronic malnutrition. These grim years are described in a style that is dramatic and largely unsentimental. There are scenes so brilliantly constructed for irony and pathos that one is inclined to suspect a certain artifice in their telling; others—like the story of their ten-hour truancy from the poorhouse, the sheep escaped from the slaughterhouse, and Charlie's association with the wood choppers—are told with a directness that leaves you blinking with amusement and pity. Few incidents in realistic fiction can compare, for bland horror, to the brief account of his father's death and funeral:

> *Mother, being the legal widow, was told to call at the hospital for his belongings, which consisted of a black suit spotted with blood, underwear, a shirt, a black tie, an old dressing-gown and some plaid house-slippers with oranges stuffed in the toes. When she took the oranges out a half sovereign fell out of the slipper onto the bed. This was a godsend. . . .*

Or the way in which, returning home from a guilty meal at a less impoverished neighbor's, Charlie first learns, from the children in the street, of his mother's insanity: "She's been knocking at all our doors, giving away pieces of coal, saying they're birthday presents for the children." Later, when he and Sidney were allowed to see her at the Cane Hill Asylum:

> *. . . she just sat there listening and nodding, looking vague and preoccupied. I told her that she would soon get well. "Of course," she said dolefully, "if only you had given me a cup of tea that afternoon, I would have been all right."*

When a man's art is as intensely personal as Chaplin's, the life and the work become inseparable. This gives the first part of his book the fascinating effect of double exposure. As he draws us back to the turn of the century, across Westminster Bridge to Lambeth and along the Kennington Road, we find ourselves following him with a strange recollection of having been there before. On page 65 are two fading photographs, one of "The garret at Pownall Terrace, Kempton Road" and one of the back street "where we lived behind Kennington Cross, next to the slaughterhouse and the pickle factory. . . ." It becomes clear, studying the production stills of Charlie and Jackie Coogan in *The Kid,* that except for the formal presence of an American cop (with a 1905 under the badge of his cap), the set which Chaplin created in his studio at the corner of La Brea and Sunset in Hollywood in 1920 not merely suggests but *is* the alley "behind Kennington Cross, next to the slaughterhouse and the pickle factory." The corner where the sheep escaped on its way to death and the back street to which Charlie and the Kid return from their window-smashing expeditions are one and the same: so are the little room where they try to forget their hunger and the garret at Pownall Terrace ("a little over twelve feet square . . . and in the corner, snug against the wall, an old bed") where Lily Chaplin sat listlessly staring out of the window on the afternoon she became ill.

Once this correspondence is established it is a rare page that does not reflect some well-remembered episode from one or other of the films. The many odd occupations which Chaplin followed before and during his teens: newsboy, flower vendor, doctor's boy, glass blower, wood chopper, old-clothes peddler, page boy and operator atop a giant printing machine of whose innards he was totally ignorant—we have seen them all, in some form, dramatized and transmuted by the richest comic talent of our time.

But those were interludes. With his heritage and environment there was only one way for Charles Chaplin to go—into the theatre. His professional debut (for wages of ½ crown a week and a "bread-and-jam breakfast") was as one of the Eight Lancashire Lads, a juvenile song-and-dance troupe managed by a devout Catholic couple. At 12½ (pretending to be 14) he

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John Houseman, co-founder of the Mercury Theatre, is a theatre director and motion picture producer whose films include They Live By Night *and* Julius Caesar.

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played his first dramatic role as Billy, the Baker Street page boy in *Sherlock Holmes*. At 21, after years of touring with Fred Karno's comedy companies, he was a seasoned professional, in and out of work, having known triumphs and disasters, with a fair chance—if he played his cards right—of one day joining the ranks of Britain's leading Variety performers. The moment of decision came when Karno offered him an American tour as principal comedian of a foolishness known as "The Wow-Wows."

The night before sailing I walked about the West End of London with the wistful feeling that it would be the last time I would see London. . . . In the morning I did not bother to wake Sydney but left a note on the table stating "Off to America. Will keep you posted. Love, Charlie."

Charlie's conquest of America was not instantaneous. There were many months of touring (with his violin, his cello, Bob Ingersoll, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Schopenhauer), two more Atlantic crossings and a 25th birthday, before he finally summoned up the courage to enter the Keystone Studio in Ellendale, Calif., and appear before his new employer, Mack Sennett, who had hired him to work in one-reel film comedies at a starting salary of $150 a week. From his first morning before the camera, Chaplin displayed that ruthless, egomaniacal self-assurance that distinguishes great men at the critical stages of their rise to fame—a fame so overwhelming that it made him, for a time, the best known and most beloved performer in the history of the world.

Mr. Chaplin gives us his version—which we might as well accept as definitive—of his creation of the Little Tramp, though one detects an element of hindsight in his elaborate and rather self-conscious analysis of the Tramp's personality at birth. Elsewhere he writes more simply of the figure who was

. . . unfamiliar even to myself. With the clothes on I felt he was a reality, a living person. In fact it ignited all sorts of crazy ideas that I would never have dreamed of till I was dressed and made up as the Tramp.

He also quotes a startled barroom acquaintance of his early California days: "The guy has baggy pants, flat feet, the most miserable, bedraggled-looking little bastard you ever saw; makes gestures as though he's got crabs under his arms—but he's funny!" And funny is what America, and then the world, found him—funny and affecting and irresistible.

By fiscal standards (to which Mr. Chaplin himself attaches great importance) his rise was astronomical. In twelve months his earnings rose from $150 to $1,250 a week; his next contract was for $670,000, the next for $1,250,000. It has always been a moot question whether it was the Little Tramp's special and fantastic popularity that lifted the American movie industry from Side Show to Mass Medium, or if he was just lucky enough to ride in on the crest of the public's sudden, ravenous and insatiable passion for movie entertainment. Either way, the Little Tramp did, without question, add a new and vital element to the mechanical virtuosity of the medium. Out of the acting tradition which he had absorbed with his mother's milk, and from the British Variety stage where he had practiced its techniques, Chaplin brought into movie comedy, for the first time, the concept of character, or as he prefers to call it—*personality*. His early conflicts at Keystone—and later at Essanay—were all on this theme. "We have no scenarios," Sennett explained to him that first morning. "We get an idea, then follow the natural sequence of events until it leads to a chase, which is the essence of your comedy." To which Chaplin replied that he hated a chase. "It dissipates one's personality; and little as I knew about movies, I knew that nothing transcends personality." The personality of Lily's boy Charlie developed freely in the heady sunshine of the new world and metamorphosed on tens of thousands of screens the world over into the mute, universal figure of the Little Tramp.

In the third and central part of his book he covers the quarter-century of his greatest renown: the period in which he made most of his most famous pictures, from *Shoulder Arms* to *Modern Times*. As the movies grew longer and their creator more sophisticated, certain inevitable problems arose:

In the Keystone days the Tramp had been freer. . . . His brain was seldom active then, only his instincts which were concerned with the basic essentials: food, warmth and shelter. But with each succeeding comedy the Tramp was growing more complex. Sentiment was beginning to percolate through the character.

In *The Kid* and *The Gold Rush*, the new blend of slapstick and sentiment, drama and comedy was brilliantly achieved; in later works, with the coming of sound, the problem was to arise again, in aggravated form.

This period also witnessed two unsuccessful marriages, several celebrated amours, the formation of United Artists with Doug and Mary, and a series of triumphal visits to New York, London, Paris, Berlin and Tokyo, which occupy the least satisfying section of the book. The urge to "cash in on this business of being a celebrity" was, in the circumstances, a natural and respectable one, but it makes for tedious and frequently embarrassing reading—especially when it is couched in a jargon that seems derived, in equal parts, from Cholly Knickerbocker and Roget's Thesaurus:

Having skimmed over the surface of New York society, I now desired to penetrate the intellectual subcutaneous texture of Greenwich Village.

Or again:

It was an affluent potpourri: Prince George of Greece, Lady Sarah Wilson, the Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord, Commandant Paul Louis Weiller, Elsa Maxwell and others.

Plowing through pages that are crammed with the names (and snapshots) of the world's most illustrious figures, bristling with cute faux pas and snappy quips ("And with this cryptic remark I said goodbye!"), I found myself unkindly recalling the words of the song with which Charlie had made his theatrical debut:

I've no fault to find with Jack at all
Not when 'e's as 'e used to be.
But since Jack has come into a little bit of cash,
Well, 'e don't know where 'e are.

At last Mr. Chaplin leads us back to California, to work, and to the fourth, most melodramatic act of his life. "A holiday is at best an empty pursuit; I had dallied around the resorts of Europe long enough. . . . I knew why I was aimless and frustrated — I could not determine my future plans." With the reluctant but universal adoption of Sound in films, Chaplin faced serious aesthetic and commercial problems. Squeezed between the "depressing fear of being old-fashioned" and the conviction that "if the Tramp talked, the first word he ever uttered would transform him to another person," he took his dilemma so seriously that at one time he considered moving to China where he could "live well and forget motion pictures!" History, finally, provided a solution. In 1937, Alexander Korda

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The Blue Woman

1

Another one of those days. . .
The pear tree was blue through the tinted bus window
and a car skidded up a blue embankment just in front of us.
At the wharf
two women caught my eye
one in a loose yellow sweater who was extremely flat-chested
and another quite the opposite
the seams of whose bra made her look like a relief map of the Andes;
whose blue bosom disappeared before the blue paint of the steamer.

The tarantulas were like bruises on my white pants
and the wake spread like a woman's legs toward the horizon.
On the first day out
I became dizzy when I saw that the sea was beautiful
and that there was so much of it —
and the white bird that circled for the bait
was so lonely I thought that it was greedy
having a personal contract with our skimming boat
for all the small fish we attracted with our menstrual scent.

Oceans away
over the widest sphere imaginable
where the savage green plants grow
someone was dumping oil that reached us here.
The peculiar decadent rainbows that he flung from large black barrels
coated the eyes of fish and entered their stomachs
so that ambergris floated and the white bird became ill with it.
Meanwhile, whenever the sweet-smelling girls promenaded
rustling linen and the quiet sounds of bedrooms came to me.

2

Tossing and turning in the ship
a smile thinned my lips
as I thought of you
Blue Woman —

The artificial braid
circling your bun of brown
and your combs or my fingers that stir
Blue Woman —

The whipping wind softened the fibers
of the sheet on your bed
and it's spotty but I don't mind —
Blue Woman whose legs are limp

what you told the Arabian King
got you ribbons and gauze
and your freedom which
is servitude

but I don't mind —
if only the land I reach
is as plastic under my body
as you are

and blue

3

I was walking along the fake curve of the sea wall of Gravesend Bay
admiring nothing —
not those damned steel legs (bronze thighs) of the new suspension bridge
nor the new aluminum fence that had turned grey in a week —
walking slowly along the path
when I suddenly saw you pedaling your rusted bicycle (or cleaving to me).

I thought of how owners of wax museums dreaded heat, especially fire,
dreaded corruption.

Joel Sloman

had suggested a Hitler movie based on mistaken identity. Now, two years later, it suddenly struck him —"Of course! As Hitler I could harangue the crowds in jargon and talk all I wanted to. And as the Tramp I could remain more or less silent."

It came about that the film with which he had hoped to lay the bugbear of Sound ended by raising a whirlwind more devastating than anything Chaplin had yet encountered. At the time of its release, *The Great Dictator* got a mixed reception. It disturbed not only Bundists and isolationists, but also a number of passionate anti-Nazis who found it frivolous; among those of the Left it got caught up in the confusion of loyalties that followed the Nazi-Soviet Pact. But not until much later was it officially classed as a clear and flagrant example of "premature anti-fascism" and used, as such, to swell the case against Chaplin.

The complicated drama of the Red purge reached a virulent and spiteful climax in Hollywood during the late forties. Chaplin was one of its many victims. Marked from on high as the nation's most prominent and vulnerable fellow traveler, of whom an example must be made, his lynching was carried out over a period of several years, with weapons that included an organized press offensive, personal and professional blackmail, an economic boycott, the superannuated sex laws of the state of California and the direct intervention of the government of the United States.

Chaplin's main offense lay in three flamboyant, highly publicized speeches (one in San Francisco, one by telephone to Madison Square Garden and one in Carnegie Hall) praising the Russian war effort and urging an opening of the Second Front. Though they were delivered at a time when every major Hollywood studio (not to mention the U.S. Signal Corps) was making "pro-Soviet" movies either for money or to promote the war effort, it is difficult to understand what drove a resident alien, an avowed anti-nationalist, a war hater and a jealous individualist to involve himself in a spontaneous (but three times repeated) act of direct political pressure in favor of a military operation of which he was utterly ignorant and which unquestionably involved the risk of several hundred thousand human lives. Was he driven to it by "a genuine hatred and contempt for the Nazi system" and an overwhelming

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fury against those who blandly recommended that we "let them both bleed white"? In part, I'm sure he was; but now, after almost twenty years, Mr. Chaplin himself has attempted an objective and perceptive analysis of his secondary motives:

> *Would I have entered this quixotic adventure if I had not made an anti-Nazi film? Was it a sublimation of all my irritations and reactions against talking pictures? How much was I stimulated by the actor in me and the reactions of a live audience?*

Reading that final sentence, I found myself thinking back half a century and 200 pages to his account of those simpler and happier days of the First World War when he and Doug and Mary (all in the full flush of their success) were racketing around the country on their Third Liberty Bond tour; how Charlie "bounded onto the platform and let fly with a verbal machine-gun barrage: 'The Germans are at your doors! We've got to stop them! And we *will* stop them! If you buy Liberty Bonds!'"— to tumultuous applause and congratulations from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Now for appearing in a dinner jacket and addressing a cheering audience as "Comrades!" he was to be hounded out of the country in which he had lived and worked for forty years by those same legal devices which the government employs to get rid of murderers, dope peddlers and pimps.

All is well that ends well. As the curtain rises on the last act—but by no means the epilogue—of Mr. Chaplin's history, the old Maestro is discovered against the background of the Swiss Alps, surrounded by his beautiful, talented and ever-growing family. And the paradox of this astonishing life goes on: on the one hand, "we live relatively near the Queen of Spain and the Count and the Countess of Chevreau d'Antraigues, who have been most cordial to us"; on the other, "I am still very ambitious; I could never retire; beside having a few unfinished movie scripts, I should like to write a play and an opera—if time will allow." Of course it will.

The Land of Grace and Isolation

Donald Phelps

Now might well be none too soon to write about the writing of William Eastlake, two of whose novels—*Go in Beauty* and *The Bronc People*—have long been out of print, and whose third, most recent novel, *Portrait of an Artist with Twenty-Six Horses*, has been hustled to the graceless old age of remainder counters. The three novels are linked by their common landscape — Southwestern America, particularly the checkerboard territory of New Mexico — and the reappearance in each of George Bowman, rancher turned Navajo trader, with various members of his family. In the different sorts of emphasis which they accord common themes, in their variations on recurrent metaphors and symbols, these three books might be regarded as the contributory panels of a triptych.

Go in Beauty, the first novel, corresponds to the central panel in its catalogue of details and themes of Eastlake's landscape which is actually two landscapes. The New Mexico prairie, with its striped meccas, sinister arroyos, red Morrison formations, all contain and reinforce an invisible landscape: the community of Navajos, with their dessicated but not moribund culture, spiritually living out their years of fullness in monstrous incubators.

This terrain might well suggest why Eastlake's novels have found so little of their deserved reception. The American Southwest is too blatant and too monotonous—it is too obtrusive as a *setting*—for many of those contemporaries of Eastlake who deal with the afflictions of consciousness, and whose only concern with setting, usually, is how to make do with as little as possible. For these writers and their readers, Eastlake's involvement with his landscape might easily suggest the term "regional writing" which, in turn, might easily suggest the literary equivalent of those papier-mâché miniature landscapes enclosed by glass spheres.

Yet such terms convey nothing of the most impressive paradox in Eastlake's first novel: the way in which he achieves his fullness of landscape through a sense of *distance* from that landscape. *Go in Beauty*, in a very real sense, is a novel of distances: the psychic and physical distances, from the Indians and from each other, of George Bowman and his brother, Alexander, who wants to write a novel commemorating the historic Southwest of their grandfather. Alexander falls in love with George's wife and leaves with her to travel through Europe, becoming a successful regional novelist. A drought descends upon the Navajo territory—the result, the Indians feel, of Alexander's desertion and George's failure to forgive him.

From this point—through a procession of vignettes illustrating George's efforts to express his forgiveness, and Alexander's increasing agony of nonfulfillment and separation — a seemingly conventional triangle story swells toward the bas-relief dimensions of fable. Despite occasional overindulgence in the wide gesture and glib sententiousness (two faults which will become more pronounced as Eastlake's virtues intensify) the fable succeeds; basically, because of Eastlake's wise candor in admitting that, beyond a certain point, the Navajo community is inaccessible to his imagination, except through the language of indirection and metaphor. Part of the Navajos' collective life is two-dimensional spectacle, much of it for white men's eyes; the other, major part must be barely articulable in white men's words or to white men's minds.

Eastlake plainly recognizes and acknowledges this, and counters his limitations by presenting the New Mexico territory through a battery of images, delicately caricatured Indians and white men, and pattering, insidiously stylized speech:

> *Why really, I hate to say this but you think everybody on the big reservation is crazy. You think their religion gives them no togetherness with nature, has nothing to do with medicine and is for the ignorant and superstitious. . . . You think they think what is good for the big car is good for the country and what is bad for the big car is good for the enemy. Why really, I hate to say this. . . .*

So speaks the old medicine man, Paracelsus. Also in *Go in Beauty* we encounter the first examples of that imagery which will often preoccupy Eastlake: images of spying, of people watching scenes and tableaux or simply, one another's behavior; of passive onlookers; of a reality constantly verging on stage spectacle.

Eastlake's approach to his subject

Donald Phelps is a critic and editor of the new magazine For Now.

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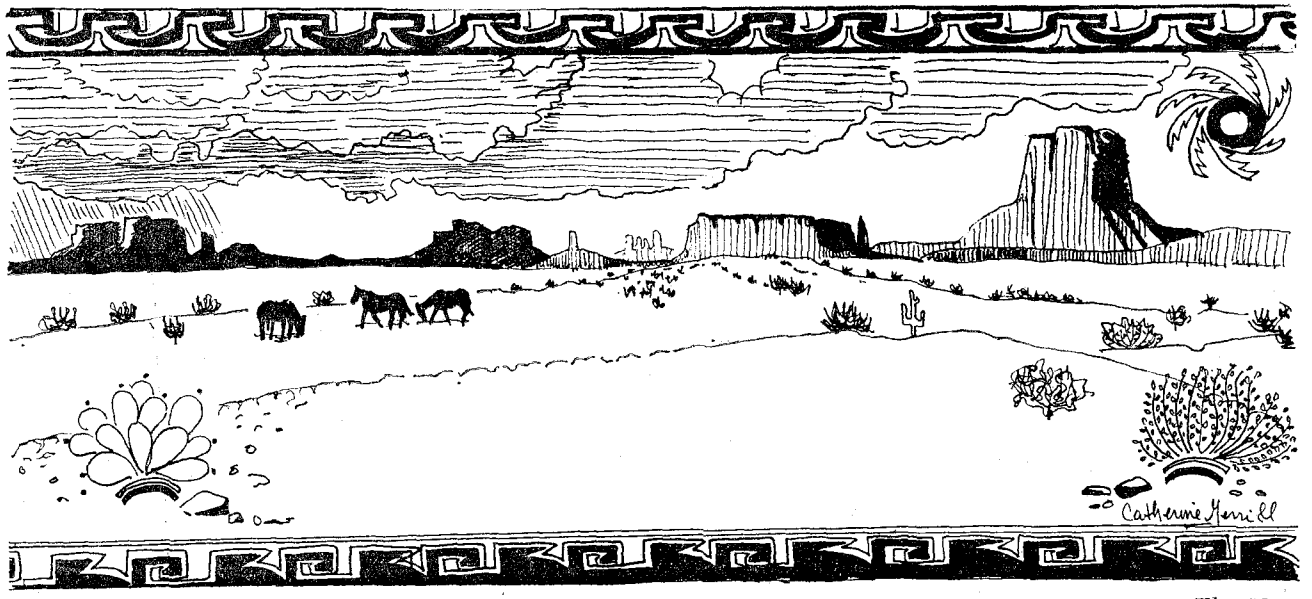
is distinguished by his own sense of apartness from the Indians. This psychic remoteness widens his compass to accommodate a skepticism and moral ambiguity in which overreverence is counterbalanced by exact perception, plus mockery; in which Indian shrines are seen as futile museum fixtures or tombs. Central to *Go in Beauty* is the house of petrified wood —"neither wood nor stone"— in which the brothers' grandfather lived, and in which George Bowman, as trader and semi-recluse, passes his hours: a retreat and a tabernacle, but also a hiding place for George's own spiritual evasions about his relationship with his brother; and, almost, a moral sepulcher.

Perhaps because of the sense of distance from the Navajo landscape Eastlake's writing in this first novel is very attentive to the externals of land and of people. The countryside of *Go in Beauty*, while rich in symbols and metaphors, is not itself a metaphor; Eastlake's scrutiny is too close for that. The kind of distance I have been describing is not the aesthetic distance, the receding and returning of the subject, through which metaphor gestates. In his second novel, *The Bronc People*, the gestation has occurred. Here, the landscape houses a coiled irony. A precocious Negro boy, whose father — a scholarly recluse—was murdered and his ranch burned by white marauders, has been adopted by George Bowman and his second wife, who have settled on the father's land. The boy has become good friends with Bowman's son (who is himself bedeviled by the memory of an adored rodeo star, whom he has seen smashed nearly to death during a performance).

Here, Eastlake's graces—his feeling for concrete imagery, his command of prose rhythms which redound almost to slackness, then whip into sudden compressed statement — produce a fusion of richness and stripped concentration which makes *The Bronc People* the most beautifully organic of the three novels. The Indians play a much more dynamic role than in *Go in Beauty* where, despite their importance, they seemed not entirely assimilated into the situation of the Bowman brothers. They function both as chorus (the book opens with a scene of red comedy: two Indians watching, from afar, a range war, making the listless running comments of inveterate television viewers) and as featured players — but always as magnetic stations to the moral atmosphere of the story. To Eastlake's vision, the Indian community encapsulates the sort of grace manifested in the passion and strength of his own writing. Grace: but not Hemingway's grace of chivalric honor and stoicism, nor Steinbeck's odd benediction on the squalid. Even the Indians' passiveness exercises dynamic influence: like a magnet rallying iron filings, their social and spiritual suspension seems to call to itself the frustrations of white outsiders. A missionary, stupefied by their genial indifference to his God (they use a funeral as occasion for a social dance, and wonder when the bier he refers to is going to be served) realizes that he, in the near-paralysis of his will, is more dependent on them than they on him; and, with a final gesture of surrender, draws them to him at last. The Negro boy becomes aware that the gall of his dilemma resides not in his being persecuted (the whites are kindly, the Indians accept him as a different sort of white man) but in his being, like the Indians, stultifyingly overprotected.

The moral paralysis of the whites is counterpointed not only by the Indians' grace, but by the spaciousness and luxuriance of the desert. Eastlake knows how to deflect this grandeur well before it becomes romanticism (as in *Go in Beauty* where he compares a striped mecca with a crumpled flag); here, he poises the largeness of his setting against the pizzicati of the dialogue between the Negro and white boy. In this way, he brings out perfectly the specific gravity of the boys' dialogue: their world, personal but by no means trivial, weighed against the geographic world in which they move. The boys seldom speak directly of their problems yet these problems are sensed through the conversation like far-off hoof beats, the vibrations of which are felt before the animals are seen. Against such nervous shuttling, the background acts alternately as stage-setting, ominous bystander and *deus ex machina*; its massiveness contrasting, in turn, with the boys' tensed facetiousness and with the half-concealed wirings of anxiety or bitterness, so that all effects reinforce one another without embarrassment to any.

Compared with *The Bronc People*, *Portrait of an Artist with Twenty-Six Horses* shows Eastlake widening and complicating the vision of the second book. *The Bronc People*, in basic form, was a relatively conventional novel: the frustrations of the boys



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were shown, or withheld from view, through a score of permutations; but their common situation was the dynamic, question-scattering situation of a novel. *Twenty-Six Horses* is more episodic and naive seeming than *The Bronc People*; it is, in fact, a sophisticated reversal on both *The Bronc People* and the more naturalistic *Go in Beauty*: an allegory of human self-destructiveness and, set against it, the ubiquity of moral choice.

The book consists, for the most part, of a succession of *fioretti*-like episodes — they could easily be the stanzas of a ballad, or the story-telling links of an Indian necklace — all threaded, as in *The Bronc People*, by two boys' resistance to their fathers. Here, George's son, Ring, is troubled by his father's having taken into his hogan a Navajo girl, a former acquaintance of Ring, who was involved ominously in the death of an Indian boy. Ring's friend, Twenty-Six Horses, has left his father, a one-time communal leader, now deposed by the white man's influence, whose wife runs an unsuccessful pseudo-white restaurant.

These intersecting situations are screened by a foliage of more or less contributory incidents, dialogue, thematic variations. This multiple perspective is one of Eastlake's more important techniques: he has a dexterity which is probably as much indebted to ballet as to drama, which he exhibits when moving toward imminent violence, then shying from it, then unexpectedly, at another time, closing with it (the brilliantly fluctuating episode of the rodeo performers en route). In *Portrait of an Artist with Twenty-Six Horses*, this technique is strained more severely than in either of the two earlier novels, in the interests of the allegorical scheme. And, on behalf of this same scheme, Eastlake calls more strenuously upon "typical" themes and situations (the Indian boy leaving the reservation for the first time; the rodeo performer losing his nerve) of Western myth, legend and first- to fifth-rate literature. These cliché situations, deliberately selected, have served Eastlake in the past to illustrate the tensions between imagination and an almost unencompassable reality which is always proliferating myths and clichés. And Eastlake nearly always, in some way, reverses these seemingly trite situations, or paraphrases them brilliantly. But occasionally his oblique, diminuendo methods produce something close to *reductio ad absurdum* (the episode of the Nazi, for example, reminds me of Edna St. Vincent Millay's less fortunate World War II poetry; and is, in any case, less successful than the comparable episode in *Go in Beauty* about the foreign-car festival supervisor).

The real situation, the real theme of the book, is not so much the common distress of Ring and Twenty-Six Horses, as another variant (its skepticism not perfectly concealed by the sweetness of Eastlake's voice) of the original theme of grace, which *The Bronc People* brought to fruition. This variant might be expressed most succintly as "hanging on," or in Synanon's phrase, "Hang tough." The central situation is almost literally a "cliff hanger"; and the book proliferates images of suspension (the old medicine man's horse balking on the crest of the hill; the rodeo riders' Lincoln teetering on a bluff) which, with a mixture of seeming crudeness and sophisticated evocativeness, portray a variety of people suspended between affirmation and self-destructive resignation. As usual, only the Indians manage to reconcile affirmation with seeming resignation.

The completion of Eastlake's theme is resurrection: a kind of resurrection which might well exhaust the credit extended to religion by many imaginations. Eastlake's token resurrection is a phony magic stunt concocted by the two boys and tendered by them to the dying medicine man, so that he can enter heaven with good evidence of his magic powers. The point is that the magic's falsity is redeemed by the life-conveying power of its art. Indian magic and Indian art merge in a single turquoise-hued strand to furnish the reassurance of Eastlake's world, much as I. B. Singer's God furnishes the solidity for his world. The very spiritual suspension of the Indians and whites provides the unmoored condition in which this art flourishes; and even the imagery of suspension becomes exultant in the book's titular symbol: the Indian boy's painting of the twenty-six horses which comprise his name; which hover, taunting and encouraging, on the mountain's face.

My main cavil is simply that Eastlake's techniques, having achieved suppleness so rapidly, may be conceding too much to neatness and patness and facility. Even the *fioretti* episode structure, so promising in itself, has an oddly contradictory glibness; and very often in this book the art of the short-story writer, the art of revelation through image and metaphor, seems to threaten the art of the novelist, which is involved with permutation, the proteanness of experience. These doubts murmur—as yet, only murmur—against my enthusiasm.

In any case, it is our good luck, if not Eastlake's, that *Portrait of an Artist* can still be bought from remainder shelves for some 49c. May it be Eastlake's and our good luck that he have continued vigor and gifts, to build campfires around which great themes can dance.

Putting Down the Queen's Teens

ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE. By Dave Wallis. E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $3.95.

Penelope Gilliatt

There is a lot that is rather glorious about the youth rising going on in England at the moment, as well as a lot that is thuggish. What seems vulgar-minded in Dave Wallis' parable about an England where the teenagers take over, the adults having lost heart and committed mass suicide is that he has decided to seize on the journalistic material that the thuggishness provides and leave practically everything else out of it. What about the dislike of older people's bitchery and prejudice that seems to run in teen-agers' characters quite as strongly as the publicized physical violence? What about their confounding mixture of unambitiousness and competence, which infuriates generations trapped in a belief that you have to be competitive if you are to be any good? What about their self-deprecating humor and their poker-faced wit? David Wallis' characters are mostly humorless and thick-tongued, and they show a lack of invention that is pounded home as hard as their physical callousness. In the end, they make such a thorough hash of everything and wind up so much like the squares they once despised that the book seems like a blimp's dream.

I suppose one of the things that has attracted so many sensationalists to write about the violent aspects of the teen-age rebellion in England is

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that the violence is appearing in a class where no one is used to it yet. There has always been a red thread of passion and brutality in the English character, in spite of the myth about a race of shy stoics commuting quietly to the City with bowler hats on their knees, but until now the nastiest emanations of it in the young have usually been among the privileged, in the caperings of gangs of well-heeled undergraduates or boisterous medical students or noble idiots roaring down St. James's Street from the club in search of prey. One of the stock phrases in the private language of Eton is the verb "to mob up," which means to victimize, either physically or verbally, generally in a pack and nearly always aiming at someone less fortunate, such as a landlady whose rugs you think it would be great fun to wreck by pouring wet corn flakes onto them and pretending it is vomit, or a lower-middle-class square who is plowing on at a subject unaware that he is being goaded to make a fool of himself by an audience of delighted nobs using weapons of irony that he doesn't understand. Mobbing-up is a grotesque kind of amusement that seems to derive directly from the awful entertainments of the Mohawks, the upper-class young who roamed the streets of London in the 18th century and amusingly beat up the poor.

It is true that much the same kind of mindless violence now seems to be appearing among English teen-agers of all classes. But it doesn't have the significance that it is given by newspapers; it gets emphasized mostly because it supplies the swiftest fodder for the intensely bourgeois and envious nature of the average English reporter. I should have thought that the first interesting fact about the phenomenon of the English teen-ager is that it has appeared at all. English society at every social level has always had such a weight of indifferent contempt for youth that any attempts from within to achieve a cohesive character have generally been quickly put down. When I was at school, during and after the war, there was no pride in being young, as there is in America. We weren't teen-agers, not even at 17; we were children, divided from one another, often preferring the company of adults and pining to be 28. We belonged to no union of youth because youth was an ignominy that we wished to be rid of as quickly as possible. When I went to college in America, one of the things that most startled me was the way girls seemed to go out almost exclusively with college boys of their own age. In England in those days, a contemporary was a tenth best; the men whom we really enjoyed being with, and usually married, were years older.

All this has changed, but still not in the American way. Teen-agers in England now have a sense of community but they are not at all admired by the rest of the country. They are habitually resented, envied and attacked; and for the questionable privilege of the publicity that they never asked for, and in fact coolly despise, they are made to pay through the nose. A woman I know said to me unprompted one day, with the authentic abrupt brutality of some upper-class Englishwomen, that the only practical thing to do with teen-agers was to give them all a dose of the stocks when they left school, because physical humiliation was the only kind of lesson that publicity-hunting peacocks understand.

But quite apart from the question of whether all teen-agers are that dumb, there is the question of whether they're that alike. They seem to me to differ as much from one another as they do from the oldies; the clothes they wear express distinctions that are systematized to the point of an ethic. The trouble is that most middle-class and/or middle-aged people in England have never before seriously had to take in the existence of anyone under 21 who didn't disappear into the landscape by adopting his parents' attitudes and wearing melancholy versions of his parents' clothes. In the case of the spokeswoman for the stocks, she had probably never been clearly aware in her life before of anyone young, apart from her own children and their friends — her daughters who had always worn deb copies of Mummy's flowered prints, and her sons who wore replicas of her husband's City suit. No wonder teen-agers suddenly look all the same to people like this. They must all seem straight from Outer Mongolia.

When people start sniping at the looks that teen-agers have invented for themselves, or when Tory cartoonists make fun of them, I can't help being haunted by the picture of the clothes that their equivalents wore before the war. I can just about remember them: the girls in drooping dresses of polka dot artificial silk for best, and the young men in boots and shiny navy-blue jackets left over from a handed-on suit, worn over odd trousers because the trousers of the suit had long since worn out. It was a look that aped rich people without the means to do it, without character, without style, a look that stamped the wearers inescapably as belonging to "the poor." It makes pop fashion now seem nothing much to laugh at.

I suppose there must be plenty of teen-agers who are as greedy and selfish and machine-made as they are in Dave Wallis' nightmare fable, though these aren't characteristics that cling exclusively to the young. Teen-agers do often seem to have a curious arcane group instinct, like migrating birds, a sense of occasion that is shared in the back of their heads, which Wallis sometimes catches very well. It seems to me that some of them have also originated a communistic way of living that is much more instinctively generous than they are given credit for, and a lot more likable than the gossipy suburban isolation that they observe with such dread in their parents, a meager existence lived out in a semi-detached where possessions are hoarded as though they were a key to life, and the neighbors are covertly watched behind the net curtains. It's true that if you spend an evening with a lot of teen-agers you're quite likely to find a cigarette gone out of your bag. But the system operates fairly enough because they wouldn't object in the slightest if you had swiped theirs. There are some things, like food and drink and cooking and looking after kids, that they regard as common property and common jobs, to be shared with as little fuss and attachment as possible.

Of course, some teen-agers are embryo members of the *petit bourgeoisie*, just as some are embryo originals and some are embryo criminals. Except in the most passing way when they are under attack, they don't seem to regard themselves in England as belonging to a single group, even if it does take an example of difference that is as gaudily obvious as the clash between the Mods and Rockers to drive this into the skulls of the men who make copy out of dealing with teen-agers as though they were one graceless, homogeneous lump. There are as many distinct sets of fiercely barricaded conventions among English teen-agers as there are among, say, 45-year-olds. The difference is that, praise be, the distinctions aren't

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so exclusively social, though I suppose the contempt of a really foppish Mod for an artisan Rocker isn't far from the attitude of an arrogant public school boy toward what he calls a yob. English social life seems to have an endless capacity to bifurcate, tending perhaps to end up in the same state as Japan, which someone once described as having as many castes as people.

In *Only Lovers Left Alive*, this peculiar English social habit of making new cells all the time is not much more than indicated. If all the oldies did themselves in, which was Dave Wallis' starting point, I can't help feeling that the teen-agers would very soon diversify and fill up most of the empty places. But his gangs scarcely adapt to the chaotic new situation at all, and Abrams skates over the possibility that they might vary a lot in a crisis: the gangs are rivals for power or black-market petrol or food but not profoundly different in their codes. There is the same skidding facility in the way the novel is written. Sometimes the style is shockingly effective, bald and cold with a real sense of danger under the short clenched paragraphs, but the passages about sex are vilely gushing. The myth has the fascination of all visions of the future but it doesn't avoid being journalistic in its simplifications, nor indeed in its gleeful ending, which proves that under the skin the rebel teen-ager is doomed to turn into the most conformist dullard parent: "We mustn't spoil him," says the gang girl turned mother when teen-age Dad picks up their crying baby. It's curious that a novel like this should contain so much the same mixture of conservatism and spite that there is in the tone of most English tabloid columnists writing about teen-agers, putting up a show of digging them so as to be with it, and then showing their hand by asserting viciously that they'll be in the same boring trap as themselves in a few years, watching quiz shows and opening packets of frozen food.

Penelope Gilliatt is film critic for The Observer *(London).*

THEATRE

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

After seeing *Fiddler on the Roof* (based on some Yiddish short stories; book by Joseph Stein, music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick) numerous members of the audience confessed (or proclaimed) that they shed tears of compassion and gratitude; others have asserted that their hearts swelled in elation, while still others were convulsed with laughter. My own reception of the show was cool.

I too found it endearing — worthy of the affection the enthusiasts had manifested. Yet thinking of it in its detail, the text lacked the full savor of its sources; the music simply followed a pattern of suitable folk melodies without adding, or being equal, to them; Jerome Robbins' choreography, though correct in its method, was not—except for two instances—as brilliant as I had expected it to be. Boris Aronson's sets did not "overwhelm" me; even Zero Mostel's performance, which cements the diverse elements and gives them a core and a shape, was open to objections. Then, too, were not those critics right, in the press and the public, who maintained there was a Broadway taint in the mixture?

Yet the longer I reflected, the greater grew my regard for the show! The steadier my effort to arrive at a true appraisal of my feelings, the more clearly I realized that the general audience reaction was justified. By a too meticulous weighing and sifting of each of the performance's components one loses sight of the whole.

The production is actually *discreet*. For a popular ($350,000) musical there is a certain modesty in its effect. The vast machinery of production — I do not refer to the physical aspects alone — which must perforce go into the making of an entertainment of this sort has by an exercise of taste been reduced to a degree of intimacy that is almost surprising.

The choreography, for example, does not attempt to electrify: though it is rather more muscular, broader and certainly less "cosy" than Jewish folk dancing tends to be, Robbins has on the whole successfully combined the homeliness of such dancing with Cossack energy. And though Aronson's sets may remind one of Chagall, they do not really attempt to achieve Chagall-like results. (Chagall's art is always more emphatically Russian or French than anything else. Whatever their subject, his paintings possess a certain opulent flamboyance that is hardly Jewish.) Aronson, faced with the need to move his sets rapidly, as well as to give them the atmosphere of impoverishment required by the play's environment without robbing them of a certain quiet charm, has made his contribution to the proceedings relatively unobtrusive—which a Chagall stage design never is. (There is also in Aronson's pictorial scheme a nice contrast between the ramshackle drabness of the places in which the play's characters are housed and the profuse yet delicate greenery of the natural surroundings.) Considering too the dizzying extravagance of Mostel's histrionic quality, his performance is remarkably reserved.

None of this, however, goes to the heart of the show's significance, which must be sought in its effect on the audience. That effect comes close, within the facile laughter, the snug appreciation of an anticipated showmanship, to something religious. To understand this one must turn to the play's original material: stories by Sholom Aleichem. Sholom Aleichem (pen name for Sholom Rabinowitz, born in Russia in 1859, died in New York in 1916) was the great folk artist of Yiddish literature — an altogether unique figure who might without exaggeration be compared to Gogol. The essence of Sholom Aleichem's

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work is in a very special sense *moral.* It is the distillation of a humane sweetness from a context of sorrow. It represents the unforced emergence of a real joy and a true sanctification from the soil of life's workaday worries and pleasures. Although this blessed acceptance of the most commonplace facts of living — generally uncomfortable and graceless, to say the least — appears casual and unconscious in Sholom Aleichem, it is based on what, in the first and indeed the best of the play's numbers, is called "Tradition."

This tradition, which might superficially be taken to comprise little more than a set of obsolete habits, customs and pietistic prescriptions, is in fact the embodiment of profound culture. A people is not cultured primarily through the acquisition or even the making of works of art; it is cultured when values rooted in biologically and spiritually sound human impulses, having been codified, become the apparently instinctive and inevitable mode of its daily and hourly conduct. Sholom Aleichem's characters are a concentrate of man's belief in living which does not exclude his inevitable bewilderment and questioning of life's hardship and brutal confusion.

In the stories this is expressed as a kindness which does not recognize itself, as pity without self-congratulation, as familiar humor and irony without coarseness. This is beauty of content, if not of form. For the Eastern (Russian, Polish, Rumanian, Galician) Jews of yesteryear "would have been deeply puzzled," Irving Howe and Eleazer Greenberg have said in their admirable introduction to a collection of Yiddish stories, "by the idea that the aesthetic and the moral are distinct realms, for they saw beauty above all in behavior."

More of this meaning than we had a right to expect is contained in *Fiddler on the Roof.* Is it any wonder, then, that an audience, living in one of the most heartless cities of the world at a time of conformity to the mechanics of production, an audience without much relation to any tradition beyond that expressed through lip service to epithets divested of living experience, an audience progressively more deprived of the warmth of personal contact and the example of dignified companionship, should weep thankfully and laugh in acclamation at these images of a good life lived by good people? In *Fiddler on the Roof* this audience finds a sense of what "togetherness" might signify. Without the cold breath of any dogma or didactics, it gets a whiff of fellow feeling for the unfortunate and the persecuted. It is a sentiment that acts as a kind of purification.

Is there too much "show biz" in *Fiddler on the Roof*? Undoubtedly. But apart from the fact that dramaturgic and musical equivalents of Sholom Aleichem's genius are not to be had for the asking, is it conceivable that a truly organic equivalent of the original stories could be produced in our time at a theatre on West 45th Street? The makers and players of *Fiddler on the Roof* are not of Kiev, 1905,* nor do they live (even in memory) a life remotely akin to that of Tevye the Dairyman, his family and his friends, or of the author who begat them. The producers of *Fiddler on the Roof* are Broadway—as is the audience—and, in this instance, perhaps the best of it. Those who have attended some of the latter-day productions of the Yiddish stage itself will know that they too are as alien to the spirit of Sholom Aleichem as anything we see at the Imperial Theatre.

The name of Chagall has almost unavoidably come up. The nearest thing to that artist's type of imagination dwells within *Fiddler on the Roof*'s leading actor. Zero Mostel has "Chagall" in his head. Mostel's clown inspiration is unpredictably fantastic — altogether beyond the known or rational. One wishes this fantasy were allowed fuller scope in the show, even as compliments for its control are in order. For Mostel too, being part of Broadway, will fleetingly lapse into adulterations inhospitable to his fabulous talent.

HAROLD CLURMAN

*Except for Boris Aronson, who was born in Kiev in 1900.

ART

CORINTH RETROSPECTIVE

Lovis Corinth could have become the great Impressionist of Germany, if he had not lacked lightness of touch and color, or if he could have escaped a kind of nightmare about the fleetingness of life. Toward his end, in 1925, Corinth's canvases became bleary glimmerings of blunt dabs, and turgid, wavelike knifings, accenting thin, muddy underwashes (in portraits), or luminous horizons (in landscapes), yet in both instances suffused with savage and touching intimations of mortality. Behind him lay a mammoth production, a veritable diarrhea of paintings, in which preoccupations with the flesh, invariably doughy, pendulous and vulnerable, outweigh all other concerns. From this spectacle of tired and tottering, pink or gray jelly, can be glimpsed intermittent fusions of sensation and feeling that speak out, certainly, for one individual, but announce also, the death of a century-long naturalistic tradition.

One is surprised, actually, that it lasted so long. Born in 1858, only a year before Seurat, Corinth matured in a provincial German environment in which Hals, Rubens and Rembrandt were the great ancestors, Courbet was the vitally exciting contemporary force, but Manet was an equivocal source of techniques that were never understood. The color heightening of the palette, the intent to elicit impressions rather than transcribe surfaces and objects, the ironic detachment from subject, and decorative potency of form, everything which was opened up by Manet in that most momentous shift of 19th-century art from the portrayal of history to the operations of a self-discovering sensibility, all this was out of reach, a closed book to German, as much as it was, say, to American painting. To the dense factuality and materiality of Corinth's milieu, the lesson of Paris provided only a breeze that eddied the surface. But it stirred up the emotional sluggishness of this painter (who is now being given his first important American retrospective at the Gallery of Modern Art) to a threshold matching his own formidable energy of handling. Into at least one iconographical theme of Teutonic art, a morbid, but erotic fascination with death (Marées, Böcklin and Klinger), Corinth entered with perhaps the first real note of personal anxiety. Only very slowly did his sensuously charged, narcissistic form, after years of blundering and bad faith, disintegrate into that agitation, that precious incoherence, we call modern.

In protracted mid-career, Corinth's

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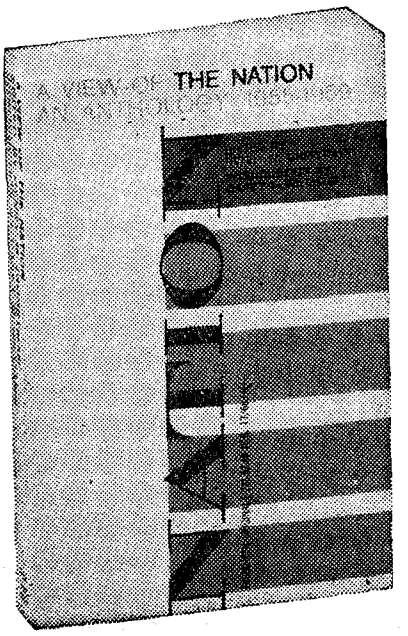
art floundered through all kinds of psychological contradictions. Satirizing, for example, ancient subjects and classical training, he showed no sense of humor (i.e., the etching "Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dream"). If anything, his distance from the old mythologies, coupled with his misguided stubbornness in exposing or manipulating them, produced a cleavage of consciousness that can be painful to behold. His flabby satyrs and bacchantes (an echo of his apprenticeship with Bouguereau?) are much too graphically realized to dispel the impression of a mawkish and prurient charade. Besides, Corinth was the kind of painter, and middle-class mentality, who ransacked the Bible and the classics for every rape he could find, leading one to suspect that, far from ridiculing a tradition (which was dead and unimportant to him anyhow), he wanted it to sanction his ingenuous, if bearish, sexual fantasies. As for his studio nudes, squeezing themselves in postures of grotesquely self-conscious abandon, they chill rather than elicit desire. Something comparable holds, too, for his inflated dabbles in religiosity, such as "The Great Martyrdom," of 1907, which is a caricature of the Crucifixion, far more an illustration than an expression of brutality.

But here, one of the greatest ambiguities in Corinth's make-up suggests itself. There can be no doubt that he was deeply moved, even fascinated, by the spectacle of social and personal power. His feeling for authority, however, could slide up or down into attraction or repulsion, or confuse itself halfway between, as in the vivid "Black Hussar," 1917. At other moments, he could portray himself as a glowering hulk, lording it over the household, in "Picture of the Artist's Family." Still, again, he shows an icon of Aryan knighthood ("Under the Protection of Arms," 1915) that seems less indictment than apotheosis. In any event, the image of human force in his art is carnal and transient, forming itself repeatedly into masks of equivocal vitality.

Corinth's own mask, especially after his crippling stroke of 1911, came to dominate his art, even as the thing itself became more dilapidated and the spirit within began to probe its very decrepitude. These pictures are now overt instruments of self-exposure, far more individualized, though less commanding, than Munch's. Corinth does not seem to have been the



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sort to whom the gradual elimination of physical desires brought happiness. Rather, the late period bears witness, especially in drawings and prints, to a biodynamic wastage whose graph is the artist's face, perhaps on one page bloated, gnomelike in another. It is a lumpen, pasty visage, vehicle for a trapped weasel stare, a comical grimace or flickering psychosis. In their absence of concealment, these self-portraits of a very imperfect man usher in a new moral dignity, greater somehow than simple candor because in his weakness he discerns, for the first time, his real power.

For, that which informs his shaky, dissipated gesturings is the transmission of light—pale and silvery, to be sure, but ultimately life-enhancing. The very rapidity of execution for which he was famous functions now, not to show off a great virtuosity, but to catch a luminous evanescence. The portrait sketch of Beyer is a particular triumph of this light, besides being an unforgettable study of hysteria. But what is important is the economy of the fudgy, slushy strokes, never merely approximate but always turning into the precise felt equivalent of a luminous sensation. The more unstructured his compositions became, the more articulate was the positioning in depth and the tremulous if insubstantial existence of each image. Light does not so much fall on things or objects, rather, they are revealed immaterially through it. Here was an impressionism that the French had not given us, because it was simultaneously still faithful to conventional chiaroscuro modeling, daringly loose-knit, and characterizing of emotional stress.

If Corinth's portraits peel away the *petit bourgeois* façade of comfort and normality, his terse landscapes, particularly those of the last years of Walchensee, Bavaria, transcend any notion of social class whatsoever, and emerge as some of the greatest creations of their genre. In them the lake view glitters with stinging blues, garnished with pulpy, acid yellow-green flutters of foliage. It is almost as if Corinth's own advanced age and tragic view of his condition kindled an unprecedented morning radiance that had to be swept on before his powers failed. One thinks, finally, of that enormous predatory outdoor self-portrait at Walchensee (which the Munich museum declined to loan), in which nature and the artist are bathed in a light that should bleach, but in fact only accentuates color. Painted fifteen years after Kandinsky's first improvisations in abstraction, it is the terminus point of the 19th-century bravura style, stopping short of the Expressionism which Corinth abhorred, but flaring with such an intensity and disquiet that it irrevocably enters the life stream of our time.

In the accompanying catalogue to the exhibition, incidentally, there is a memorable essay by Hilton Kramer —full of sympathy and fallacy, light and dark—a bit like Corinth himself.

Max Kozloff

Ordering

the dream
that does not come to me
lives up your street
hot in the June night, fireflies at it in the broken hedge

a tree is between us & the light
I am walking on the street 1938, 1961, no time has passed,
the Spanish have moved into Brooklyn
& they, with all their women,

pass no time
when I was a child
I rode on lions
stone ones, a stone one west of Nostrand avenue, in the numbered streets
& called its name *iler*
turning the word around
& every night fed
handfuls of grass into its mouth

there are no hedges on your street, I am trying to order the lines of it,
of the poem, not what was there, the images,
but the kind or quality of the light
I saw one evening through the windows of your house
Bach's violin
begins recapitulation, it is the coda,
there are no streets
within twenty miles of where I sit, Orion behind me,
the next sonata begins
Full leaves of the tree
swarming with shadows
stirring the ground
my mother held me on the lion so I wouldnt fall
there were never any people on that street,
stone flower boxes,
I loved the iler
& it loved me
& let me feed it grass
do you understand
how senseless it is to have this poem with you in it
that there were no people in that street, ever,
that if it were
a dream I'd be ashamed of it,
there are no people in it,
my mother held me to the lion,
only the forms of things, the forms of things,
moving or still against the light,
broad stubby pale green leaves
from stone boxes,
I chewed the dusty leaf & found it wet inside,
the love I give you is day's light
I am not telling you a dream,
I do not dream,
I taste the sweet
wet green inside,
but what the dream would be.

Robert Kelly

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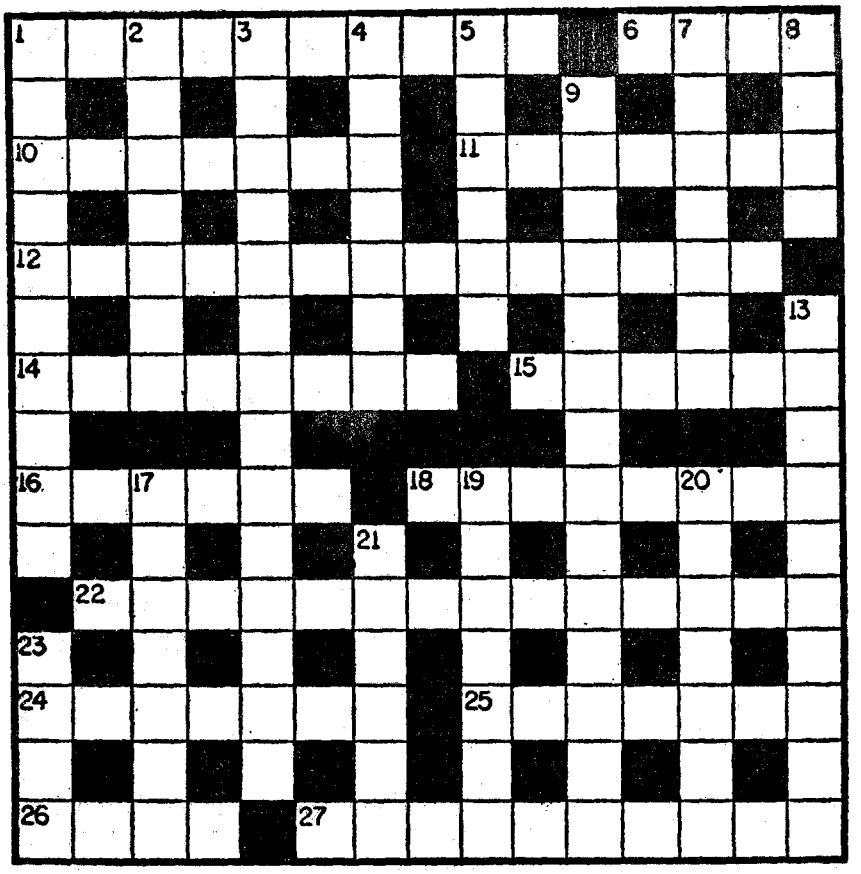
Crossword Puzzle No. 1075

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 6 Implying a lot is disappearing. (5, 5, 4)
10 Uses the type found around a stratagem. (7)
11 Broken jars, not associated with Paris. (7)
12 Would such a sign be apt at an animal crossing at the stream, or just some animals? (8, 6)
14 An unusual set, round and not classified. (8)
15 Pet lettuce plant, when young. (6)
16 Does a good word help return the plant, when in deep? (6)
18 Medicine found by the side of a sea? (8)
22 In short, it's a fish — no charge for it! (4, 2, 8)
24 The course in which Anne looked to excel? (7)
25 Comparatively firmly drawn. (7)
26 Apt in the vernacular to be unadulterated. (4)
27 The scar saints are made to show some officials? (10)

DOWN:

1 Shakespearian strainers, at the start. (9)
2 Tells such things with devilish cunning? (7)
3 It's worthless to imply children who are don't have to be bribed. (4-3-7)
4 Sort of verbose, as one can readily see. (7)
5 One who does 4 takes this. (6)
7 In the past they gave the future. (7)
8 and 21 At one time Norfolk and Suffolk might have been against ale. (4, 6)
9 Where boats supported the crossing in time of war. (7, 7)
13 They might supply the balance of material of modern ironworks, as a suggestion. (10)
17 State a case of arbitration? (7)
19 The last of 2 might embrace it there, at some difficulty. (7)
20 Overcome by force. (7)
21 See 8 down
23 4, in the matter of feet, might start the race. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1074

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Afterthought; 4 Plentiful; 9 Albumin; 11 Gold; 12 and 7 Plane figures; 16 and 25 Striped pants; 17 Excused; 22 Newgate; 29 Reacted; 30 Chagrin; 31 and 19 Waterless cookers; 32 Andes. DOWN: 1 Analgesic; 2. Tabular; 3 and 13 Ramparts; 4 Paneled; 5 Entente; 6 Twos; 8 Lotus; 14 and 26 Speedwell; 15 Scows; 18 Dwellings; 20 Outcast; 21 Standee; 22 Notices; 23 Averred; 24 Straw; 27 Stir; 28 and 24 across Parasite.

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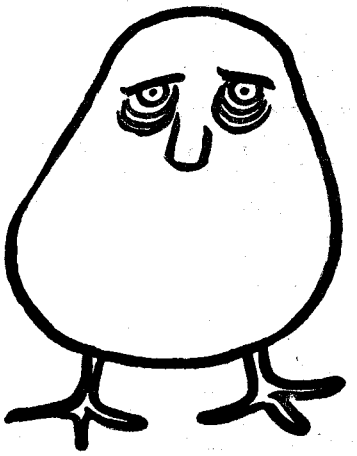

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